Woman and the Home

A Matter of Creed

Jean McQueen

(Written from life).

I had been carefully taught and well brought up in a good Catholic home, and never once had imagined myself anything but a Roman Catholic. I graduated from high school and training school with numerous flirtations and love spasms with both Protestants and Catholics, but no harm or lasting impressions resulted. Then after a brief term in country schools there came an especially good appointment in a large and thriving lakeside town. I was delighted, because of the advance in position and the pleasant time in store for me.

Fate led to the home of a good Methodist lady, who always had one or more teachers with her. Eerything went well in this household of three boys and myself for at least two years, when almost unconsciously one of the sons, from meeting me so often, and accompanying me home as a matter of course, began to take more than a passing interest in me. His mother, ever watchful, discovered it long before I did, and while her kindness doubled her watchfulness increased tenfold.

By every conceivable plan she seemed to thwart our every effort to be together, though for some time I was unsuspecting. One evening, returning alone, I saw a light disappear from my room as I reached the front steps. I became suspicious, and to assure myself on arriving in my room I searched my school coat for a note of his, which I had folded away in my pocket. It was still there, but crumpled where it had been hastily thrust on my footsteps being heard.

It dawned on me then that I was in love with Jack, and no amount of interfering or intriguing on his mother's part would separate us was my inward resolve. But at that time I thought only of my love for him and not where it might end.

I left the house shortly, but it did not improve matters. Mrs. Hunt, her sons and even her married daughters were determined that we should be nothing to each other. At every attempt of meeting we were frustrated until typhoid fever confined him to the house for weeks, which lengthened into months. In all that time I heard nothing from him, except from a good old family doctor, who knew our case and occasionally carried a note to him from me. Before he was able to be around again I had had ample time to review the past and frame something of what the future might be if I married him. Almost cruelly it struck me that in marrying him I sacrificed my birthright. Both of us, determined to live in a different creed! Then came the thought of children—part of our belief—what I could hope to make them? What right had I to make them anything? Now I began to see the full significance of our union when my doubts were not quieted by his assurance of our fitness for each other regardless of religion. Though in spite of the unimportant part he claimed for religion, I could plainly see he had no intention of changing his. The more I thought of it the more convinced I became that we must separate. I was vindictive enough to wish his mother could know that for no other reason than religion could she ever hope to separate us.

Firmly set in my resolutions I went home for my holidays, and wrote him I had decided to go West to teach, consequently would not be able to see him again. I told him of my fears, telling him I was going to try and forget, and for him to do likewise. He was passionate in his appeals for me not to go, even coming to my home to plead, but in face of all I would leave.

* * * * * *

"Jessie, I can't do it!"

The girl at the mirror turned deliberately, still engaged with her hair dressing and faced the new comer.

"Why, may I ask, this emphatic reiteration? You know, you have said that before on more than one occasion."

"Well, just look here!"

Jessie ceased her operations long enough to glance at a box her friend had apparently just received.

"Here is a birthday gift from Jack at this late date, in spite of all I've said and written"—adding tenderly, "He is so thoughtful."

"Yes, he is I'm sure," replied Jessie in a sarcastic tone. "He has made up his mind to ignore your actions just as he has your letters." "I'd send it back flying."

"Oh! no, he meant well, and it would be useless to him."

"Very well, but remember it is only a sign of weakness on your part." What is the use of going West instead of home when you are bent on showing him in every other way you still care.

"Well, I've finished, so I guess I'll go. Now brace up and face the matter square in the face."

The door banged and a sound of retreating footsteps told me I was alone. I sat still gazing at the token of his regard, and wondering what would be best even though my heart dictated one course clearly.

This is the situation which a year of absence had placed me in.

Throughout it had been one long letter of homesickness and yearning for him, while he hoped during my vacation to convince me to stay in the East. But lately a new factor entered the case in the form of a member of my own Church in every way as desirable as my former lover, and who already showed his preference for me. To free myself of both I accepted a long standing invitation from a friend further West, to spend the summer with her, hoping that time and new faces would settle everything for me.

It was a glorious summer with its long motor rides, its driving and its sea bathing, but all too soon over. Lately my lover was trying a new scheme in coming to visit me on my return to my school. While I wondered what the outcome would be I was glad, for I knew that once seeing him again I could decide, but resolved also to be true to my mother's faithful teachings.

September came, and found me at work awaiting the arrival of my one time devoted loved one (?) Now I could see that that love had been greatly fostered by the strenuous opposition it had met, and it was merely looking forward to the meeting of a good friend. Fortunately I had not realized how hard it might be. Despite all I could say to the contrary he insisted our love remained the same, and he would be anything in religion for me if I would marry him. I had known of such promises before, and told him it simply meant his being nothing, as he could not turn his religious views so easily. As for me I was over my infatuation, for so it seemed now, and were he even a Catholic I did not care for him.

After a visit of four days or so spent in pleading and promising he left me. Nor was I sorry. The longer he stayed the less I cared for him. He passed completely out of my life, except as a memory when we parted at the train as he left for home having lost, he claimed, his taste for life.

I cannot blame myself, but am thankful I passed through the one great trial of my life guided so carefully. I am happy, very happy, in my married home, for I married my Catholic friend, and whatever there has been of disagreements, disappointments or even poverty, we have had one close tie in that we are of A COMMON FAITH.

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My Piano

One day while standing near my piano, a girl friend said to me, "Why don't you sell this piano, and buy a new one?"

To this I answered, "Why should I?"

"Well, in the first place," she exclaimed, "you have have had this one over ten years, and since that accident not long ago it looks rather used up."

(I must explain to the reader that shortly before this conversation took place my piano had the misfortune to catch fire, very little damage was done except to the veneering and some of the carving, though it still holds a ruined look.)

"It may looked used up as you say, but that has nothing to do with the tone, which is as sweet and clear as the day I bought it, and I wouldn't think of disposing of it for the simple reason of its outward appearance. No more than— I would think of disowning a kind and loving mother, whose care and sorrow in this world had left its trace in lines across her forehead, and down her withered cheek. For is not the soul as pure as if it were hidden by beautiful features; the outward appearance does not worry me if I find that the soul and heart are pure and true, no more than the appearance of my piano, when I know that its tone is sweet and clear."

"You have taught me a lesson," answered my friend, "henceforth I shall look beyond the handsome face, and see if the soul is there with all its beauty."

A Product of Endurance

Dr. Keate, the terrible headmaster of Eaton, encountered one winter morning a small boy crying miserably, and asked him what was the matter. The child replied that he was cold. "Cold!" roared Keate, "You must put up with the cold, sir! You are not at a girls' school."

It is a horrid anecdote, and I am kind-hearted enough to wish that Dr. Keate, who was not without his genial moods, had taken the lad to some generous fire (presuming such a thing was to be found) and had warmed his frozen hands and feet. But it so chanced that in that little snivelling boy there lurked a spark of pride and a spark of fun, and both ignited at the rough touch of the master. He probably stopped crying, and he certainly remembered the sharp appeal to manhood; for, fifteen years later, with the 3rd Dragoons, he charged at the strongly entrenched Sikhs (thirty thousand of the best fighting men of the Khalsa) on the curving banks of the Sutlej. And as the word was given, he turned to his superior officer, a fellow Eatonian, who was scanning the stout walls and the belching guns. "As old Keate would say, this is no girls' school," he chuckled, and rode to his death on the battlefield of Sobraon, which gave Lahore to England.—Agnes Repplier, in "The Atlantic."

About Manners

By Margaret Blaine

The child made her adieux and pretty speeches with a glibness that was truly startling. The lovely lady who had been entertaining the little ones looked her astonishment and almost forgot to respond in kind. Yet there was something displeasing in it all, though her deportment was so absolutely correct. We all liked freckled-faced Jimmy's "manners" much better. He bolted up to the hostess and mumbled "Had a nice time." We all knew that his mother had impressively charged him not to forget that, and he was doing it in obedience to her commands, and not at all because he wanted to. Indeed he evidently thought it an inexplicable bit of nonsense.

"Now," said the reflective one, "why did we object to the little girl's pretty manners, and adore Jimmy's awkwardness?"

"The little girl had an artificial air," said the lovely hostess, "and anything artificial about a child is very disagreeable. While Jimmy was—well—natural, you know. Grown-up "manners" do not fit a child. We always instinctively object to them there, while we forgive anything in the child that is sweet and natural. I once had a very tiny guest say, 'I like to play with your dollies, and I'll come again, but your cake doesn't have as many raisins as mother's.' I was delighted, and seriously promised to amend the cake before the next visit."

There is undoubtedly something essentially artificial about established conventions. They are gradually adopted as their need is found to make smooth the running gear of social life, but the need for these does not come in child life. The sweetest children are those kept far from the atmosphere of artificial life. Courteous speech and manner—the kind that come from a gentle heart—come naturally to the child surrounded with good influences. "Please" and "Thank you" and other gentle expressions fall from baby lips, if the baby bears them from father and mother. Quiet unobtrusive table manners are better than a knowledge of forks and spoons. Consideration for others in the home can be made a matter of love instead of politeness. And the child who is really considerate in the home will not fail outside.

Yet there are mothers who will give the child a party, and then carefully drill the little one in all the requirements of a grown-up hostess. This makes the promised pleasure a laborious affair to the child, but the mother thinks she is doing her duty in training the child to social usages.

Think for a moment of the most charming people you know. Are they not the considerate, rather than the conventional people? And which would you rather have your child resemble?

A Foolish Way

Of course, that may be so. But it is a very foolish way, all the same.

For no one can be really happy unless they gain a certain amount of love as they go through life. Nobody can afford to be friendless. Everybody wants friendship, affection and confidence.

But the critical cynical type of woman is only admired at a distance. She never knows the sweets of friendship, its trust and confidence and faith.

People know too well her way of holding others up to derision and of seeing their weak points to run any risks by letting her into their hearts. They have heard her sum up other characters, and feel sure their turn will come as soon as they are out of hearing. When such a woman makes friendly overtures we shrink from her a little. We may like her, but we have no wish to be "butchered to make a Roman holiday" directly our backs are turned.

Rightly or wrongly, most of us get judged by our words and manners rather than by our thoughts and actions, and particularly are we judged by our manner of speaking.

Amusing But Dangerous

Of course, a kind heart and a fine character may be disguised under a cloak of sarcasm and criticism, but few will discover them in such a case.

"Every word has its own spirit,
True or false that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies."

So, if we have got into the habit of "picking holes," and criticising other folks, do let us beware. We may amuse with our ill-natured witty talk, but the chances are that by indulging in it we are slowly, yet surely, unfastening the cords of our friendships.

Depend upon it, if we talk unkindly about our neighbours, they will not care to have much to do with us.

"Very amusing, but awfully dangerous, you know. I always wonder what she says about me when I am out of hearing."

That is probably the verdict on us. And the result, as we have seen, is the lack of friendship, which is one of the treasures of earth.

Just choke back that ill-natured remark, refrain from laughter that would have no kindly ring, keep silent when you have no kind words to speak—these little actions bring very "solid returns," as business people say.

First, they bring trust, and then love. Most of us want to be popular, and there is no royal road to popularity unless it be by the way of kindness.

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4	33	24	11, 11, 11	Car lot	.14	.14½	.14¾	.15	.15¼	.15½	.15¾	.16	.16¼	.16¾
				Sm. lot	.15	.15¾	.16	.16½	.17	.17¼	.17½	.18	.18¼	.19
5	40	24	8, 9½, 11, 11	Car lot	.18	.18¾	.19	.19½	.19¾	.20	.20½	.20¾	.21	.21¾
				Sm. lot	.19¾	.20½	.21	.21½	.22	.22½	.23	.23½	.24	.25
7	43	24	5, 6, 7, 8, 8, 9	Car lot	.24¼	.25	.25½	.25¾	.26¼	.26¾	.27¼	.27½	.28	.28¾
				Sm. lot	.25¾	.27	.27¾	.28¼	.28¾	.29¾	.30¼	.30¾	.31½	.32¾
10	48	16½	3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6½, 8, 8	Car lot	.36¼	.37½	.38¼	.38¾	.39½	.40¼	.40¾	.41½	.42¼	.43½
				Sm. lot	.38¾	.40½	.41½	.42¾	.43¾	.44¾	.45½	.46¾	.47½	.49¾
8	32	12	3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6½	Car lot	.28½	.29½	.30	.30½	.31	.31½	.32	.32¼	.32¾	.33¾
				Sm. lot	.30½	.31¾	.32½	.33¼	.34	.34¾	.35¼	.36	.36¾	.38¼
7	26	8½	No. 9 Wire top & bottom Bal. of Fence No. 12 Wire 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 5½	Car lot	.20½	.21	.21¼	.21¾	.22	.22¼	.22¾	.23	.23¼	.24
				Sm. lot	.21¾	.22½	.23	.23½	.24¼	.24½	.25	.25½	.26	.27
Drive Gate, 12 ft. x 48 in. high, each				Car lot	4.20	4.25	4.30	4.35	4.35	4.40	4.45	4.50	4.50	4.60
				Sm. lot	4.35	4.45	4.50	4.55	4.60	4.65	4.70	4.75	4.80	4.95
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				Sm. lot	5.10	5.25	5.30	5.35	5.45	5.55	5.60	5.65	5.75	5.90
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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

JANUARY, 1915

WINNIPEG, CANADA

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

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The Western Home Monthly

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Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

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When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with Our Readers

The year 1914 has now passed into history. It has been a good year for us, because you have given the Western Home Monthly the most friendly welcome, because you have recognized its success by living up to its ideals. We hope that you will begin the New Year by sending the magazine to your friends. We want them all on our list of "constant readers," and we can promise that neither you nor they will be disappointed in what the twelve issues of 1915 will offer.

In saying good-bye to the old year we feel thankful for all the good things it has brought us—for your cordial recognition of our effort to make The Western Home Monthly helpful to you, for your quick response to every question asked or problem offered, for your letters of encouragement and praise. You have been good friends to us. In 1915 may your number double and your friendliness increase.

A Happy New Year to You All!

A year in which peace may come to our land and Empire, a year in which this great and promising country of ours will advance in all good and worthy directions, and a year that will bring gladness and prosperity to every reader of this magazine.

The Western Home Monthly closes with this month the fifteenth year of its existence. From a very small volume it has increased to its present goodly proportions of 80 pages and over. Its constant aim has been to prove helpful and interesting to its readers, and the fact that it is now a welcome monthly visitor to over 45,000 homes shows that the aim has not been missed. A wide range of interests is treated in every issue, arranged so as to prove of pleasure to every member of the household.

The success of the Monthly was made possible by the devotion and recommendation of its subscribers, which fact the publishers gratefully acknowledge. Believing that the Monthly is the best magazine in the Dominion, the publishers make bold to further ask the co-operation of its readers to not only make it Canada's greatest magazine, but the leading magazine of the Continent. All things are possible to the Canadian West, and with the assistance of its readers there can hardly be a limit to the homes that the Monthly may reach during the next decade. Thousands tell us that they find the Monthly helpful and delightful, and we ask them to commence the New Year by passing on the good news and getting non-subscribers interested. A constant increase in our circulation will enable us to keep our subscription rate within the reach of all. One dollar will bring it to your friend for a year. See that your friend joins the army of our subscribers.

What do you think of our special War Pictures? It may interest you to know that this special feature represents an extra expenditure of nearly a thousand dollars a month, but we do not grudge it. We all like to read about and see our brave boys at the front, and the large number of letters we have already received testify to the appreciation of our readers. By the way, we would like you to show your copy this month to your neighbor. It will mean one more subscription for us, and now, as at all times, we are anxious to increase our family of readers.

FROM OUR MAILBAG.

An Alberta Enthusiast.

Innisfail, Alta.

Gentlemen,—Enclosed please find renewal subscription to the three copies of The Western Home Monthly that have been coming to my address for the past two years. I may say that both myself and my friends (who walk a great distance every month to get the Monthly) are delighted with it, and though far removed from the great centres of civilization, we feel quite within the pale, as long as the Monthly comes to us. A few more settlers have reached this locality recently, and as they appear to be English speaking, I trust before long to introduce them to the Monthly, and add them to your list.

Yours truly,
A. R. Peters.

Brandon, Man.

Gentlemen,—I enclose you $2.00 for three years' subscription to your valuable magazine. I have taken The Western Home Monthly ever since its first number came out in 1899, and it is truly remarkable the great headway it has made since that time. I have always found the stories bright and interesting, and the articles helpful, being particularly impressed with "The Young Man and His Problem," "What the World is Saying," "The Philosopher," "What to Wear and When to Wear It," and the Fashion Pages. We subscribe to a large number of periodicals, but in point of excellence find that your magazine cannot be excelled.

Wishing you the compliments of the season, I remain,

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What the World is Saying

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Any man who has ever grub-staked a prospector knows how Germany feels towards Turkey.—New Denver (B.C.) Ledge.

* * *

Turkey and Germany.

Already the Turkish cat has had her paws burned pulling the German monkey's chestnuts out of the fire. —London Saturday Review.

* * *

Natural Allies

With Turkey proclaiming a "Holy War" as the ally of the German Kaiser the combination of hypocrisy and religion is complete.—Stratford Beacon.

* * *

The Spirit of Freedom vs. Brutal Force

Two Republics are now joined with the democratic British Empire and a liberalized Russia in the war against military despotism.—Louisville (Kentucky) Courier Journal.

* * *

Nearing Its Long Rest

An exchange is bewailing the many misfortunes which have befallen the Hapsburg dynasty. Never mind. The misfortunes of the Hapsburg dynasty are almost over.—Charleston (S.C.) News and Courier.

* * *

Unquestionably True

It is a safe bet to say that if the Kaiser could move back the hands of the clock and were given a second chance, he would not be so ready with his declarations of war.—Baltimore Star.

* * *

The Church-Bombarders

The German army has chaplains, too, just like ours. They go along to instruct the artillery-men which end of the enemy's churches is the best to set on fire.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

* * *

A Short Cut

As the Germans continue to put indemnities and food taxes on the people of Belgium, it might save time and labor if we sent our relief funds direct to Berlin.—Chicago Tribune.

* * *

A Football Comparison

Turkey, says an Indian Mohammedan rajah, is being used by Germany as a football. And he might have added that the ball is likely to go to the dead line.—Chicago Herald.

* * *

The Prussian Spirit

Our strength is our law. As long as possible we are decent chaps, but if needs must we can be swine, too. Who is right? He who has the power. That's just what is at stake.—Berlin Zukumpt.

* * *

Kultural Methods

Belgium, according to report, must pay the Germans $7,000,000 a month, besides a lump sum of $75,000,000 for objecting to their violation of her neutrality! Does the "divine mission" of German kultur mean fastening thumbscrews on a cripple?—New York Sun.

* * *

Not So Numerous Now

German apologists say that the war was forced on the fatherland by reason of the necessity for providing for her surplus population; but by this time we judge that this necessity is not so pressing as it might have been before the carnage began.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

* * *

Hermann's Distorted View

"I daresay that my contemporaries will correct me" says Editor Hermann Ridder, the well known German-American of the New York Staats Zeitung. "If I am wrong in drawing the conclusion that the balance to date for truth rests with the Germans." Possibly so, but what's the use?—Boston Transcript.

* * *

One German Professor's Admission

A German professor at the University of Miami, just returned from Europe, declares that Germany will have great difficulty in justifying herself in the eyes of the world for her violation of Belgian neutrality. This is an admission which deserves to be placed on record.—Duluth Herald.

* * *

Force vs. Justice

For the first time in history a nation has said, "Evil, be thou my good." Germany has frankly played Force above Justice in taking up the sword. Other nations, as they armed themselves for battle have usually taken care to leave open a door of appeal to Justice in case of their defeat. Germany is in the lamentable plight of finding her Force overborne by the greater Force of her enemies. She has deliberately abandoned the possibility of an appeal to Justice. What remains for her but to plead for Mercy?—Toronto Globe.

German Ideas About Canadian Troops

Over in Germany they seem much concerned as to the composition of Canada's army for the front. They say we are sending Red Indians and compelling foreigners to enlist. But what the Germans do not know about our troops they will find out when they meet them.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

* * *

Not a Religious War

French Catholics are fighting the Catholics of the south of Germany. Prussian Protestants are fighting against English Protestants. The cleavage of war isn't along religious lines. With this European object lesson in mind there is no difficulty in understanding the division that brings the Moslems of India into conflict with the Moslems of Turkey.—Kansas City Star.

EMPIRE'S SMALLEST SOLDIER.

The general mobilization of our military resources brings many interesting facts before the public. In this connection, probably the youngest and most diminutive trained soldier in the world is brought to our attention, in the person of Gilbert Wilson, 536 Home Street, Winnipeg, Canada, who is but five years of age.

From the "Fall In," either verbally or on the bugle, he can accurately perform all the intricate evolutions of the modern infantryman, not forgetting the duties of the sentry, which he carries out like a veteran.

He recently went through his pacings before the 27th Battalion, Second Canadian Contingent, and his spontaneous obedience to every order was received by the soldiers with tremendous applause, which indeed the wonderful snap and precision of his movements well merited.

The Greatest Infamy of the Ages

That new penalty of $75,000,000 imposed on Belgium "for violation of neutrality" would seem to show that the German government is cynically contemptuous of the world's opinion. And yet why does it spend enormous sums of money in carrying on a press propaganda in all neutral countries to win sympathy for the German cause?—London Nation.

* * *

Muffs for Men

The German officer's appeal for muffs for the troops may sound strange to the western ear, for in this quarter of the globe the article in question is looked upon as belonging solely to women. In the colder parts of Europe, however, it is a common sight to see men with muffs on in the winter. Emperor Wilhelm and old Francis Joseph have been photographed carrying muffs and also with feathers in their Alpine hats.—Montreal Gazette.

Increase in Cost of War

How great has been the increase in the cost of war may be judged from the fact that, according to Sir Robert Giffen, the little skirmish in 1870 only cost each combatant 30,000,000 pounds a month, or 60,000,000 pounds for the two of them. The figure for the present conflict cannot be less than 3,000,000 pounds a day.—London Truth.

* * *

Robbing the Starving Belgians

The German Government has stood callously by without lifting a finger to save these millions of innocent non-combatants, whose bread its rapacity has stolen; and while foreigners send over shiploads of free food to keep them alive, its one thought is to put its fingers again into their pockets and feel if there are not perhaps still a few coins in them left to steal.—New York Times.

* * *

The Two Greatest Evils in Europe

The Ottoman Empire in Europe will soon be merely a memory. Since the Turks have resolved upon their own destruction, we do not regret their appearance in the ranks of the combatants. Their acts of war mean that, when this mighty struggle is over, Europe will be rid of the two factors which for more than 50 years have been the chief menaces to the peace of the Old World. We shall get rid of Prussian militarism, and we shall simultaneously get rid of the Turks in Europe. —London Times

* * *

King Albert, of Belgium

Never has a foreign ruler held such a place in the affection of the British people as does King Albert Leopold to-day. He has the satisfaction of knowing that though the majority of his people must celebrate his fete in alien, if friendly, countries, every day that passes seems to make more sure the early freeing of Belgium from the invader, and that he and his consort will have the task of guiding the work of restoring the country to its former prosperity after having helped to win for it an enduring fame.—Westminster Gazette.

* * *

The Tolstoi Family and the War

It is said that nearly all of the immediate family of the late Leo Tolstoi are taking an active part in the war, besides several of the next generation. One son, Count Leo, has been wounded in battle and another son, Count Michael, has received the St. Stanislaw medal for bravery. The widow and two daughters are engaged in hospital work. The famous count himself was a doughty soldier in his younger days and it is not dishonoring his memory to wonder whether his doctrine of nonresistance would have withstood the patriotic appeal of these days.—Springfield Republican.

* * *

The German Hatred of Britain

We have been hated by other nations whose efforts to dominate the world we have frustrated, but never with the concentrated fury, the petty spite, the naked malignity of Germany. Her hatred has no gloss of chivalry, no joy in fighting for fighting's sake, no redeeming feature whatever. It is not the passion of pride, but of envy. That England is its object is a tribute to our power. In the violent outbursts against us is an unconscious acknowledgement that the ultimate struggle between might and right will be decided by the British army and navy.—Broad Arrow

* * *

The Empire United and Resolute

Canada does not stand alone in her conviction that this war is hers as well as ours, and that she is fighting for her own rights and liberties as truly as ourselves. With one accord the Dominions have grasped the same fact, each for herself. One and all, they have seen instinctively the real meaning of this conflict to us and to them. They know what the triumph of German militarism would signify to the cause of freedom and of progress, whose traditions are in their homes and in their blood.—London Daily Mail.

* * *

The German Treatment of Belgium

There is a horrible suspicion that the German rulers in Belgium are deliberately starving the Belgian population as a matter of policy. The Springfield Republican gives expression to this suspicion when it says: "A graveyard, with possibilities of colonizing, would be a more desirable addition to German territory than a country full of Belgians with memories." This is worse than the worst German atrocities in Belgium that have yet been recorded.—Hamilton Herald.

* * *

Misjudging Transatlantic Intelligence.

The very distinguished German editors who prepare these writings for transatlantic circulation conceive the American to be a person of an intelligence and knowledge not exceeding that of the average German peasant, quite bereft of the power of logical deduction and willing to receive his convictions ready-made, predigested for him by learned gentlemen, done up in neat packages, and simply labeled: "This is the truth: we guarantee it."—New York World.

Renewing the Inward Man---A New Year Homily

By Max McD.

Are you the same man you were yesterday? if you are, there is something wrong.

The Apostle Paul, in describing himself, said that half of him decayed and the other half was renewed. All of him that grew old was thrown away and the remainder was all made new. This is the only way to live. The outer man will grow old. It is a blessing to us if it decays.

It is characteristic of all growth that the outside is cast off and the inside renewed. If your mother had made your first clothes of cast-iron and buttoned them on to stay, where would you be. Look at the Chinese woman's foot. You must cast aside your baby clothes if you are going to become a man.

The outer man is of value only as an expression of the inner man. Unless we are careful the man disappears and there is only a manner (man ner) left. Someone has said: "Manners are the external deposit left by a dead heart that was once warm," and a little girl described a gentleman as "a man you don't know very well."

Unless the outward man decays, the inward man is stifled. The soul cannot stand being clad in the garments of propriety and the mask of conventionality. It would be a good thing to have all the varnish scraped off us periodically to see if there is anything at all left underneath.

It is easy to develop the outer man so that he will run as a sort of automaton. Most business men become mechanical toys, and most professional men become lignified: they are only wooden men. It would do many a clergyman, doctor or lawyer good to rip his long-tail coat up the back and strip off all his professional mannerisms.

As a small boy I used to wonder whether a certain old minister at home, who was an old man, wore a shirt like my father's or not. In the 20 odd years I lived in the town in which I was born, I never once saw him in his shirt sleeves. I've often looked at an Archbishop, whom I did not know personally, with his tight bishop's breeches and spats, and wondered what sort of mortal he was; but after we had sat in the same railway coach seat for one hundred miles and chatted together, I found him to be a man like other men. A Roman Catholic Priest worked for a year or so on the same mission field as I. I had him often as a guest, and one night he stayed in my shack. He wore my nightgown and slept in the same bed. If there was one thing that impressed me more than another, it was the fact that Father B—— was a man like myself.

Let the outer man decay: strip off the professional mannerisms, and let us see what we have underneath.

It is really a choice in life whether a woman will be a dressmaker's dummy or a living soul; whether a man will be a machine or a son of God. We become so proud of the outer man that we don't notice the absence of the inner man. We acquire the art of talking so well that no one notices that nothing is said.

Let the outer man decay, then.

But this is not all. The inward man must be renewed every day.

You would find it wearisome if the same copy of your daily paper were handed out to you every day. A man should have in him more that is new and fresh than a newspaper. He should get out a new issue of himself every day. No one can blame our friends of tiring of us if we hand them out the same bits of personal adventure, the same editorials, the same old joke column, every time we meet. Old friends are not best friends unless they find something new and inspiring in one another. If we want to be true friends we must be renewed every day.

Your house will not be popular if you set before your guests the same old roast that should have been buried decently long ago. We mustn't let our lives get stale. It is disgusting to our friends to find us harping on the same old hobbies, touching on the same old grievances, full of the same hackneyed expressions of affection, with the same narrow point of view, the same faults and worries, the same dreary struggle, no new hopes or visions, not even a new difficulty or a new sin. God save us from being a stale friend to anyone.

A New Year Greeting

From PRINCIPAL PETERSON,
McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

The Editor, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir:—I hope I am still in time for your New Year number, but my message must be a short one. We are all so greatly absorbed in the incidents of the war and so much concerned about its probable issue, that it is difficult to write or think about anything else. And perhaps it is this feeling of solidarity, the feeling that we all have a common interest at stake, that makes it natural for me to say a wora or two about the war. First, let us remember that this is, for us, a Canadian war, We have got past the time, have we not, when some Canadians imagined that we should be able, as a nation, to look on while Britain did the fighting; and even now that we have sent our contingent to Europe we are not simply "helping the Old Country"—though Heaven knows she needs all the help she can get! This is a "war in defence of the Empire," and as Canada is the first of the new nations within that Empire, it is altogether natural that she should play her part nobly as she is doing. Let us hope that the Allies may win a decisive triumph in the end. When we have helped the Germans to get rid of the evil spirit of Prussian militarism, the world will have a rest from the anxieties which have distracted it for the last twenty years. And when that great day comes let us, here in Canada, profit by the lessons of the war and work all the harder with a clear purpose of binding together in the bonds of faith and trust the scattered provinces of our wide Dominion, so that it may continue steadfast to the end as the brightest jewel in Britain's Imperial Crown.

With all good wishes for 1915.

Yours faithfully,
W. Peterson,
Principal.

Yet it's no wonder if we are. Our minds lie in ruts like stagnant mud-puddles. We hate to have our minds stirred up, to really grapple with life. We let them stagnate in the same old ruts until they become so covered with scum that our only hope of salvation is to get up and shake ourselves periodically. There is enough concentrated power in an acorn to push up a giant shaft a hundred feet into the air and crown it with green, and there is enough divine energy in these little melancholy souls of ours to lift us up into heaven in the grandeur and strength of a perfect manhood.

There was an old dirty, stagnant lake that had lain motionless among the mountains of New Zealand a thousand years. By chance a volcano broke loose in the bottom of it and blew that muddy stagnant pond into a fancy rainbow geyser a mile high. There was something new in New Zealand that day.

Every man has in him tons and tons of divine dynamite. Let it catch the spark of inspiration and transform us into something altogether new.

Let us renew our minds. Throw out some of the old trash and get something that is real and living.

Let us renew our hearts. Throw out old emotions we have preserved to exhibit to our friends: the bottled tears of blighted affections, the misunderstood friendships that we have laid away in scented sentiment—throw them all out, and let the great, pure, strong love of God and our fellowmen fill our hearts.

Let us throw out past achievements that we love to roll like cherished morsels upon our tongues. Forget what we have done in what we will do. The man who tells of what he has done is not likely to do any more. If we've won a prize or two, forget it. That is behind let us face to the front.

Someone has said: "We should not attempt to feed the hungry with last year's muffins, nor try to comfort the distressed with joy in the Lord a year old." That would be cold comfort.

If we have no vital religious experience to-day, something is wrong with us. If we have no joy in some good thing we have had a chance to do; no warming of the heart with the sense of God's love; no burst of longing for that which is highest and best; then we have an aged, rheumatic, hobbling soul. We need a new birth.

One of the chief dangers of life is trusting to great occasions. We think that conspicuous events, striking experiences, exalted moments, have most to do with our character and capacity.

But we are wrong. Common days, monotonous hours, wearisome paths, plain old tools, and every day clothes, tell the real story. Good habits are not made on birthdays, nor Christian character at the New Year. The vision may dawn, the dream may waken, the heart may leap with a new inspiration on some mountain top, but the test, the triumph, is at the foot of the mountain, on the level plain.

The line that divides the years from one another is an imaginary and artificial one. To the thoughtful mind every day of life is solemn and every season is a fit time for reflection.

And yet, because we have at this season of the year to close a volumn and begin to number the pages anew, we naturally fall into a serious mood and take occasion to review the past and consider where we stand.

It is a time for making resolutions. On New Year's night as the dying year passes countless thousands will swear off. The boozer will raise his trembling hand: "Boys! My last drink; watch it go down." The worshipper of My Lady Nicotine will fill his pipe for a last smoke. The dancer will shake his last loose leg on the stroke of "12." The swearer will do his last bit of picturesque word painting at 11.59.

Some of these will be broken. And yet we must not doubt that there are as many New Year resolves kept as there are broken. The New Year is a good time to turn over a new leaf. There are a great many bright, fresh pages turned over on the first day of January that will have a clean record at the end of the year if we will but remember that every day begins a New Year, and our good resolutions must be renewed with each rising sun.

"Though our outward man is decaying, yet our inward man is renewed day by day."

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Refusing to back.
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Afraid of sound of a gun.
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Afraid of steam engine.
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Running away.
Kicking.
Biting. Striking.
Hard to shoe.
Bad to groom.
Breaking straps.
Refusing to hold back while going down hill.
Scaring at hogs or dogs along the road.
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The Passing of a Historical Landmark of Western Canada

By Irene Keane

Western Canada is almost too new a country yet for Historical Associations, Veteran's Societies, Monuments, and the like, and this fact has been very painfully borne in on the minds of all who honor the historical associations and the memories of the pioneer days, and believe in bequeathing to the next generation a fund of knowledge which will make them more thoroughly appreciate and honor the struggles of their parents.

Others desire to see these evidences tenderly cared for, so that the incoming settlers may have pointed out to them the places where the struggles and the honors of their native land were gained, often at almost inconceivable cost.

Nevertheless, the citizens of Calgary, and the Government of Canada, have together through their neglect of historical values and covetousness of commercial gain, allowed one of the spots in Western Canada most richly endowed with historical associations and memories to the first comers in the Canadian West, to be disfigured, and all semblance of its early characteristics blotted out for ever.

Of course, it is argued by some that the material wealth, and the increase in the population of Calgary which will result, quite overbalance all puny considerations of historic interest, or personal memories which any of the Old-timers may desire to see fostered. These arguments hold true to a certain extent only. It is all very well to build up a strong commercial city, and in no way can this be better accomplished than by the development of the great systems of transportation; but —"the people who have no vision shall perish," and in this connection we may take that vision which builds, not alone for the present, but links the past with the future. When our landmarks are allowed to pass away, and we think only of commercial gain, our doom is sealed, and therefore the objections of those who wished the Royal North-West Mounted Police Barracks and grounds in Calgary maintained for a historic museum and public park, and new barracks arranged for if necessary, were not mere sentimental objections. They were protests based on the knowledge of what such wilful spoilation of the country's records would mean in the future history of Western Canada.

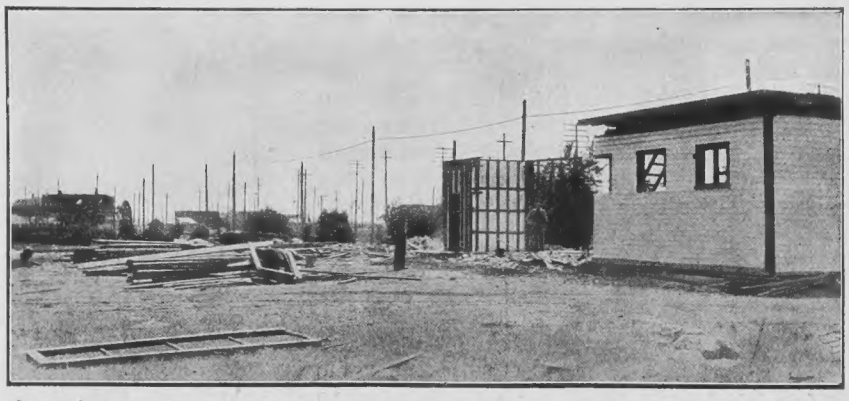
It is of but little avail at the present time, however, to voice these objections, for the God of Gold has triumphed over the Muse of History and the Spirit of Remembrance, and so these buildings,—the first permanent buildings in Calgary, are now no more, and the grounds where the first settlers in this part of Western Canada camped, have been cut up by railway tracks.

Early one morning in the late fall of 1875, the Rev. John MacDougall, then stationed at Morley, was rudely awakened by the thud of the pounding of many hoofs on the prairie, and when he came to his door, a trembling affrighted group of savages confronted him, and told him that a large number of white men with strange costumes were making camp on the banks of the Bow River. The Rev. Mr. MacDougall had a fairly clear impression regarding the identity of these strangers, but he leaped on the back of his pony and galloped along the sixty odd miles of trail as fast as the pony could gallop, just to make sure of the accuracy of the report.

When he reached the Bow River, it was too dark to safely attempt the ford, and so he camped on the first bank. In the morning he crossed over and found, as he expected, the detachment of the first contingent of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, under Inspector Brisebois, including about fifty officers and men, of the protective force which the government had been promising the settlers for some years after the uprisings and Indian and trader's troubles. Mr. MacDougall remained some time with the detachment and lent them a hand at erecting their first buildings.

It is very unfortunate that we have no exact picture of these first quarters of the Mounted Police in Calgary, which were used for a number of years before the buildings which are now being torn down were erected. They were very picturesque, being built of logs, set side by side upright in the ground (not horizontally, as is the usual custom with log buildings). The bark was left on the top,

This picture, taken July 1914, shows how the materialism and commercialism which permitted the spoliation of this property, was progressing. The building in the picture was all that remained at that date of the main barrack rooms. A mass of the metals, pipes, etc., required in the construction of the new terminal are also shown.



Caught just as the last walls of the Guard Room were being razed. The cross bars on one wall show the remains of one of the cells, which were all built of sheet steel with lumber covering. About the centre of the picture is where the gallows location was, the last man to be hung from which was J. Fisk.

and the logs were sawed off square; the buildings being finished with flat, mud roofs, the officer's quarters being somewhat more pretentious and better finished. The detachment was named Fort Brisebois, in honor of the first O. C. Some years later, Col. MacLeod, who was then in command of the district, changed the name to Malgarry, after an estate of the MacLeod family in Scotland. This name gradually became corrupted into the present form, Calgary. The name means

The grounds torn up, and the remains of the stables on the same date. A number of the buildings were covered with lumber a few years ago, yet the original logs appeared to be in a better state of preservation.

"Swift Running Water," and is most appropriate when the clear, swiftly running waters in the vicinity are considered.

The buildings shown in our pictures were the first permanent buildings in Calgary. Around them a tent settlement grew up, the nucleus of the future city. The year of their erection, 1885, the white families in Calgary numbered six, and the shacks and tents seventeen.

Through the years which have marked the marvellous growth of this tiny settlement, and its development into a city of 80,000 inhabitants, the Barrack buildings have been a connecting link between the old and the new. Many an old timer has taken the greatest pleasure of his late years in visiting the barrack grounds and locating his camping spot of twenty or thirty years before. When the North-West Rebellion broke out, the wives and children of the settlers for miles around

The old Land Titles Office, where the R.N.W.M.P. are now located.

were housed in the buildings, and Calgary's defence was assured by the large Home Guard who made their headquarters there, and the splendid body of soldiers who rode forth under Col. Steele, on whose soldierly qualities and vigilance depended the lives of all the other troops in Alberta, and who before they returned rode to Edmonton, thence Victoria, Moose Lake and Frog Lake, after Big Bear, and formed the advance guard of the party who discovered the massacre at the latter place. When Lord Landsdowne and Lord Melgund (the Earl of Minto) paid a visit to the territories, riding all across the prairies, they were met at Calgary and escorted to the reception at the Barracks by as soldierly a guard of honor as could be found in the Old Land. Corporal Greet conducted the first postoffice for Calgary in the barrack's building, until the government mail service was established. And so we could go on ad infinitum, quoting examples of the way in which these buildings were connected with all the growth and development of Calgary.

The Grand Trunk Pacific coveted this site for a Calgary terminal, and for some years have been negotiating with the Dominion Government, which controls all R.N.W.M.P. property. A satisfactory price, from a purely commercial point of view, was finally paid and a date set by which the members of the force had to vacate their historic quarters and on which the Railway Company commenced demolishing buildings and rooting up the grounds. The Barracks were transferred to the Old Land Titles office, where the force are cramped for room; but though the Government had installed them in the most up-to-date and commodious buildings in the city, there would still have been a pang of regret over leaving behind the old log buildings which have identified the Royal North-West Mounted Police with all the history of this part of the North-West in such an intimate manner.

To the Englishwoman.

She (the Englishwoman) must remember that the nation to which she belongs is not a separate entity from its people, but just a collection of insignificant units of which she is one, and her cowardice and wailing will disgrace it as her courage and serenity will add to its pride. Her conduct as an Englishwoman is a sacred trust which she has no right to look upon as a merely personal matter, and she should brace up all her resolution to be worthy of her destiny.—Mary Boazman.

Ashes of Dreams

(By "Frances.")

In the ash of last night's fires,
Hidden 'neath the blackened embers
Lie our last night's vain desires,
And how gravely, one remembers,
Of the uplift and the glow,
Now, there's not one spark to show.

Through a brilliant sea of bubbles,
Fancy led us, gay and courted;
There, we drowned our day-time troubles,
To a mystic world transported;
Where the glittering pageant rolled,
Cinders cluster, harsh and cold.

Faces flashed into our vision,
Old-friend faces—dead and living,
Some, did mock us in derision,
Others smiled, heart-comfort giving;
Only blackness greets us now,
Morn and Sun, no myths allow.

We are children, pleased with patches,
Mixtures strange, of strength and weakness,
Laying down the cross by snatches,
Shouldering it again, with meekness;
Dazed with mirages afar,
Following some shooting star.

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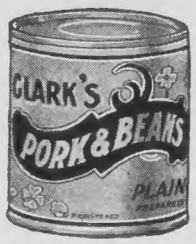
ALUM IS SOMETIMES REFERRED TO AS SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE. THE PUBLIC SHOULD NOT BE MISLED BY THESE TECHNICAL NAMES.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS



The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labour in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

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Blackwood's Raspberry Vinegar

Something Delicious

To be obtained of all Grocers

Manufacturers of Blackwood's Celebrated Soft Drinks

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'Camp'-the-never-be-without-it Coffee

Its superb flavour, its handiness, its economy, make 'Camp' a fast favourite in every house it enters.

You cannot get better coffee at any price. You can make it perfectly in a few seconds.

Give 'Camp' a trial to-day. Ask your grocer for it, and see that you get 'CAMP.'

R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Coffee Specialists, Glasgow

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How gratifying it is to every Canadian housewife to know that the best of all kitchen cleansers—Panshine—is made in Canada by a world-renowned Canadian firm. Every cent you spend on Panshine is so much money kept in Canada—just so much more money to keep Canadian workmen employed Think this over.

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It is a clean, white, pure powder that has no disagreeable smell, won't scratch, and will not injure the hands. Ideal for cutlery, sinks, pots and pans, wood-work, and every possible kitchen use. No matter what cleanser you are now using, you will be delighted when you try Panshine.

FREE SAMPLE Your Grocer has Panshine. If you haven't tried it we will gladly send a trial sample tin free. Mention Western Home Monthly. Address Lever Bros. Limited (Panshine), Toronto.

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It's very hard to get a perfect fast Black Dye but we have it in

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The clean, easy, home Dye that washes and dyes—at the one operation—Cottons, Wools, Silks or mixtures. 24 colors, 10c cake—Black 15c—at your dealers or postpaid with booklet "How to Dye."

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WIZARD OIL

A friend to the household and a foe to pain for over 60 years. For rheumatism, sprains, burns; neuralgia, cramps, stomach and bowel troubles, there is nothing like Hamlin's Wizard Oil—the highest quality liniment and the most costly of all to make. At druggists—but get Hamlin's Wizard Oil.

Famous dream book free if you write

HAMLINS WIZARD OIL CO. - TORONTO 1

The Atonement

Written for The Western Home Monthly, by E. Fern Rear, Kamsack, Sask.

IT WAS growing dark in the Mission house. Outside, the twilight still lingered, and the rim of dark hills that skirted the river valley were bathed in rosy light; but in Miss Cuthbert's cozy sitting room it was quite dusk.

The little missionary folded her sewing with a sigh that was more of weariness, than of a sense of satisfaction in work completed, for the heat had been very oppressive and her little Indian pupils had been more tiring than usual. She arose and went to the door.

It was a wonderful evening, charged with beauty and peace unutterable. The panorama that opened before her view was the fairest that nature, with all her extravagance of color, could produce. Before, behind, on either side, lay great green stretches of rolling prairie, generously dotted with pretty bluffs, which were just in the act of exchanging their robes of emerald green for those of pale yellow, crimson, gold and brown. And, nestling here and there in the foliage, was a tent, a teepee, or a little whitewashed cabin, and an occasional camp fire, sending up to heaven a column of blue-grey smoke. Away to the north lay the great pine forest, deep, dark, unfathomable. To the left, the pretty Qu'Appelle, darting swiftly on its way between precipitous banks, hedged on either side by maple, and willow, and tall majestic spruce trees, which reminded one of stolid, unbending sentinels, guarding and maintaining the beauty of one of the prettiest Saskatchewan rivers. And, over all, was a glorious sunset—a gorgeous background of crimson and turquoise and gold.

"And evening lingers in the west
More beautiful than dreams
And whispers of the Spirit-Land,
Its wilderness and streams,"

breathed Miss Cuthbert, as she gazed upon the lovely scene and felt the spell of it stirring in her heart. This, was the land of the Indian; the nursery of Mystery; the luxuriant arena of Magic things. Miss Cuthbert could feel the strange intangible spell of the men of Magic, which the superstitious tribes declare they can see, enfold her in its meshes. She could almost have believed that she were living in the old dear days of long ago, when Romance walked the earth in royal robes and Magic was the standard the people bore.

On a grassy plat before the door sat an Indian mother, with her child. Her glossy black hair was smoothed back from her brown forehead and braided tightly down her back; and around her shoulders was drawn a brightly colored blanket, one of the gorgeous specimens from the Hudson's Bay post up the valley. Her head was bent over the soft buckskin moccasin she held in her lap and which she was embroidering with colored glass beads; while she was in earnest conversation with the little boy at her side. He was a very tiny boy, this laddie, although the registration book up at the fort showed him to be eight years old. A pair of crutches, lying on the ground beside him, told a part of the sad story of his little life; and the lines of pain in his dusky face told the rest. He was watching, with fascinated eyes, the dexterous movements of the shining little needle, as it went in and out, in and out, of the toe of the beautiful smoke-scented moccasin.

"Some day," he was saying, smilingly, as the missionary came toward them, "I'm going to be a warrior brave, and go to battle, like the man in the legend did, only I won't stay away from my sweetheart as he did, but will come back to her again and live happily ever afterward."

It is curious how that happy denouement of all fairy tales finds its way into the vocabulary of the children of all climes, and in all ages.

"Who is talking of fighting?" said Miss Cuthbert, sitting down on one end of the child's blanket. "Surely, you would not exchange these times of peace for the poverty and pain and blood-shed which comes with war!"

"Ah! but we are bondsmen, Miss Cuthbert," returned the Indian mother, "What would we not suffer, I wonder, to obtain our freedom!"

"Miss Cuthbert," asked the child, eagerly, "why don't our people go out and fight and conquer and rule this land just as they did long, long ago? It would be nice, I think, if we could do as we like instead of having to do what other people tell us."

The missionary bowed her head, and a wave of something like shame rolled over her and dyed her face. Like a flush, the heart of the red man was revealed to her, with all its burden of shame and disgrace and ignominy, and worst of all the total lack of self-respect which the hapless Indian bears, always, under the stony hardness of his stoicism. Those touching lines of the Indian poetess came to her, now, with new meaning:;

"They but forget we Indians owned the land
From ocean unto ocean; that they stand
Upon a soil, that centuries agone
Was our sole Kingdom, and our right alone.
They never think how they would feel to-day,
If some great nation came from far away,
Wresting their country from their hapless braves,
Giving what they gave us, but wars and graves.
Though starved, crushed, plundered, lies our nation low,
Perhaps the white man's God has willed it so."

"What made you think of it, Billy?" she asked, after a long silence.

"It was the legend, Miss Cuthbert, the legend of the Qu'Appelle, you know. We have just been talking about it, and I couldn't help thinking of those things. Why aren't there any legends made, nowadays, teacher?"

The Indian mother turned toward her. "Have you ever heard the story, the strange tale?" she asked, almost whisperingly.

Miss Cuthbert shook her head. Much as she desired to hear the legend of the Qu'Appelle, she knew better than to ask a single question. It is always a crucial moment with the Indian when his voice lowers, and he asks if you know things. You must be diplomatic and never question him in turn. If you do his lips close in unbreakable silence.

SOUND SLEEP

After Change to Postum.

"I have been a coffee drinker, more or less, ever since I can remember, until a few months ago I became more and more nervous and irritable, and finally I could not sleep at night for I was horribly disturbed by dreams of all sorts and a species of distressing nightmare." (The effects on the system of tea and coffee drinking are very similar, because they each contain the drug, caffeine.)

"Finally, after hearing the experience of numbers of friends who had quit coffee and were drinking Postum, and learning of the great benefits they had derived, I concluded coffee must be the cause of my trouble, so I got some Postum and had it made strictly according to directions.

"I was astonished at the flavour and taste. It entirely took the place of coffee, and to my very great satisfaction, I began to sleep peacefully and sweetly. My nerves improved, and I wish I could wean every man, woman and child from the unwholesome drug-drink—coffee.

"People do not really appreciate or realize what a powerful drug it is and what terrible effect it has on the human system. If they did, hardly a pound of coffee would be sold. I would never think of going back to coffee again. I would almost as soon think of putting my hand in a fire after I had once been burned. Yours for health."

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage **instantly.** 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

"Do you know the call," asked Winunla, in Cree, "the everlasting song that sobs in the Maples along the river—the watchword of the Qu'Appelle?"

The little missionary repeated under her breath:

"Oh come ye into the valley of the Qu'Appelle;
Oh sweetheart come
Where the white buffalo leads the herds
To the sky-colored water;
And the beaver builds in the meadows of the setting sun;
Oh come ye into the valley of the Qu-Appelle;
Oh sweetheart come!"

"That is it," said Winunla, with approval shining from every line of her face. "Listen! It was long ago that that song originated. Then the men were fierce and warlike and the women were gentle and very beautiful. There was one maiden more gentle and beautiful than all the rest. 'Morning Mist,' our people called her, because she resembled, in her delicate grace and frail beauty, the soft white clouds of mist that rise from the river at daybreak, and circle about the tops of the rim of hills which circle the valley with sunshine lying bright and warm upon them. She had been wooed by a warrior man, as strong and fearless as she was gentle and lovely, and she had promised him that, when another moon had dawned, she would go away with him and share his wigwam and his love. And never lovers loved so well as they; never was such a happy pair.

"But one sad sunless day, the tum-tums pealed out across the valley, summoning the warriors to battle. Tenderly the lover of Morning Mist bade her farewell; bravely he laughed at her fears and assured her that he would soon return; then oh how happy they would be, in the little wigwam upon the hillside! After that, the maiden wandered up and down, before her father's house from morn till sunset, watching for her lover. But he came not."

Winunla's voice ceased for a moment. She gazed straight ahead of her, then turning—"Miss Cuthbert," she said, "you have heard the voice of the trees along the river in weeping?"

The missionary nodded.

"It is the voice of the Indian maiden sobbing through the centuries," she cried, with a cadence of grief in her voice. "Hours, nights, days, she wandered up and down, broken with agony of spirit. At last, worn out with grief, she threw herself into the stream; and now her spirit ever calls—calls—for her lost brave."

"And so the valley was named Qu'Appelle—who calls?" said Billy softly.

"The Men of Magic say," continued Winunla, "that after her death the Gootchoo-Minato, to avenge her, gave her the power to separate the hearts of men and women, of wife and husband, of sweetheart and lover, until such time as some brave warrior will give his life for the cause of love. Then shall her agony of heart be quenched; then shall her thirst for vengeance be appeased. She appeared unto me once, the night before my husband left."

Some whelming tide of bitter memory seemed to rush over the girl, for her voice broke, and rising hastily she entered the house.

"Miss Cuthbert," said Billy, when they were left alone, "did you know about my father?"

Miss Cuthbert nodded. She had not been in the Qu'Appelle district three days before stories of the young Englishman, who, preferring the freedom of the wilderness to the restrictions of high society, had settled there and married the fair Winunla, afterward bidding her farewell forever, and taking his little daughter with him, had set sail for his native land and had not been heard of since, had found their way to her ears.

"He was a good father," said Billy, meditatively. "We loved him, mother and I; and we loved our little Grace, too. She was so pretty, you know. Not a bit like our people, but little and fair with curly hair like my father's, and blue, blue eyes. We loved her very much. Do you s'pose," he asked, as a sudden thought struck him. "that they will come back some day?"

"Perhaps—if they knew you wanted them," replied Miss Cuthbert. Rumor said that Winunla had not made her husband's domestic life happy for him.

"If I were to write to him and tell him—I will! I'll tell him we want him back! I'll write to him right away! But you mustn't tell mother about it, teacher, she might be mad, you know."

He drew himself slowly to his feet and hobbled painfully into the house. In the sitting room, Miss Cuthbert made him cozy on the lounge, then brought a lamp and writing material and left him alone. When she returned some time later she found him fast asleep and a sheet of paper, closely written upon in Billy's cramped hand, lying on the floor, beside him. Picking it up, she read:

"Love ever.

"Dear Father:

"Just a few lines to let you know I am in the Mission school and I come to school. I like to go to school. I am in third reader now and how are you. how your mother get along and father get along. and I am well and stay with Miss M. S. Cuthbert and how Grace get along. Tell her I am well. I wish you would come home some day so I can see Grace. tell Grace I kiss her. and you kiss.

xxxxxxxxxxxxx

"Billy Martin,
Qu'Appelle, Sask."

Out in the garden, Winunla, her blanket wrapped closely around her, was pacing nervously back and forth. The evening breeze swayed the white hollyhocks upon their stems, the lilies gleamed pale and ghostlike in the gathering darkness; and the air was heavy with the perfume of sweet peas and hyacinths. The river traced by the fringe of maples along its banks, sent up a faint murmur in its pebbly passage. Up on the hills a coyote howled dismally and was answered after a moment by his mate in the home lair. The wail of the vast pine forest, as the great trees bent their heads before the wind, was plainly audible, hollow and heart rending—like the cry of a soul for its mate. Winunla shuddered and caught her breath. It was all in such perfect accordance with her thoughts at the time, that she felt as though the wind and the wild animals and the river were weeping for her—giving vent to the miserable loneliness, the unutterable agony of her heart, which she could not articulate, but could only crush down, deep, deep in the recesses of her consciousness, because the world might see it else, and scoff at her for the haste with which she had chosen to be the jewel of love, and then cast it away again.

She saw, as in memory's mirror another scene than this. A tall lithe form was bending over her. A handsome, fair face, with golden curly hair and tender blue eyes was pressed against her own. Winunla could never forget his voice, so soft and low, as he told her of his love for her. She could feel, yet, the thrill of joy and pride that had passed through her, because he had singled her out from all the maidens of her tribe, and loved her best.

And, oh, those happy, happy years that followed. Those years of joyful service,

BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS

SUNSHINE HOSIERY REGISTERED

The Darnless Stocking for Boys

Mothers get out of practice in darning when their boys wear Buster Brown Stockings. The Buster Brown is the ideal stocking for boys, well shaped and splendid looking. They are made of the strongest long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with double leg and threeply heel and toe to resist the hard wear every healthy boy gives his stockings.

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Cost no more.

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Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splended looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

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Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children

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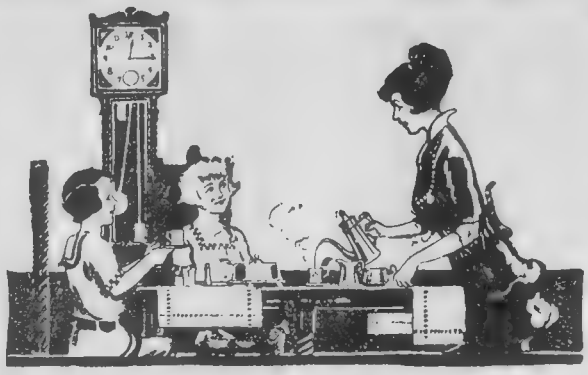

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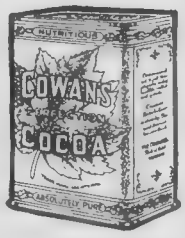
Mothers are glad to see the children enjoy Cowan's Perfection Cocoa, because they know it is so good for them.

Pure Cocoa is rich in food value and is so easily digested. 286

"Made in Canada."



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Half-pound &
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Don't remain

Weak, Anaemic,
"Nervy," "Run-Down"

Don't let your life be clouded by indifferent health—don't suffer needlessly—don't remain Weak, Anaemic, "Nervy," "Run-Down." Let "Wincarnis" (*the wine of life*) give you *new* health, *new* strength, *new* blood, *new* nerves, and *new life*. "Wincarnis" is a tonic, a restorative, a blood-maker and a nerve food—all combined in one clear, delicious beverage. It strengthens the weak, gives *new rich blood* to the Anaemic, new nerves to the "Nervy," sleep to the Sleepless, new vitality to the "Run-Down," and *new life* to the Ailing. And it is the *only* Wine Tonic of any repute *that does not contain drugs*.

Begin to get well FREE

Send for a liberal free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis.' Enclose six cents stamps for postage. COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England. You can obtain regular supplies from all leading Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

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Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly. It pleases every one—it will delight him or her also.

when all was love and joy and sunshine in the little house on the hillside, and, she was his all in all.

Then, had come the awakening. Winunla was not sure whether it was an awakening or a deadening of the senses to his affections. At first, she had angrily refused to listen to the whispers of another woman, in the unknown country across the sea; but, in time, they had their effect which showed itself in the coldness of her manner towards him. Then had ensued a scene which neither husband or wife could ever forget, though their love should return like a river and flood their lives with it's soothing balm, when the husband had demanded an explanation of Winunla's behaviour toward him, and she had given it—out of the fiery depths of her scorching wrath she had given it; and hurled at him all the blazing embers of fury which she could recollect. At length the storm was quelled by a question, delivered in his cool imperturbable gravity.

"Then, if as you say, your love for me has turned to dislike, you wish me to go away. Is it not so?"

"Yes!" she cried hotly, "for I can never call a traitor my husband!" And so he had gone, taking with him his little flaxen haired baby girl. "She does not resemble your people, so you will hardly find any comfort in her presence," he said, with scathing emphasis. "She will have more of the luxuries of life with me, and my mother will bring her up to be a great lady."

That was two years ago, and she had not heard a word of him since. He had forgotten her probably and married the white woman of his love in the land across the sea. Winunla hoped, out of the depths of her impulsive heart, that the bride of his choice would be happy with him, but she could not get over the feeling of resentment his utter neglect of her, in the two years of their separation, had caused. Because he had played false to her, as others of his white brethren had played false with her hapless people; as they had plundered, debased and filched from them their birthrights, freedom, self-respect, pride, the ownership of their country; crushing their agonized appeals for the preservation of that birthright; forcing them to succumb!

Ah! that was why the great white chief had ceased to love her; and married another! How could a son of so mighty a country as his, act otherwise toward a daughter of ignominy and poverty, anf degredation? But, oh, how she missed them!

All the stoicism of her nature, which had been transmitted to her from generations back, the stoicism that had buoyed her up in her darkest hour suddenly gave way before the torrent of over-whelming loneliness that rushed over her. She buried her quivering face in the folds of her scarlet blanket and hastily sought her room.

Billy came down late the next morning. The smile with which he greeted his mother and Miss Cuthbert, was a forced one, and his little pain-racked body drooped, helplessly, more than usual. But he answered their anxious inquiries cheerily. He felt as well as usual, he said, except that he was rather tired. So, after the frugal breakfast of toast and stewed prairie chicken and boiled cranberries, he was put to bed on the sitting room couch, where he lay for many days uttering no complaint; smiling in response to friendly greeting; saying little, and gazing much out of the window across the beautiful sunlit valley toward the eastern horizon, where his father was.

"He will be better when the autumn frost sets in," said the missionary, comfortingly, to the anxious little mother, "this hot weather is trying on the strongest of us."

But Billy did not grow better. Instead, as the days passed, he grew weaker, and frailer, and his smile lost its brightness, and became more forced. He talked much about the legend of the Qu'Appelle and the atonement which must be made before the avenging spirit of the maiden should be appeased. The missionary caught his meaning and was almost overcome by the thought of his needless bravery. But she said nothing for she had come to learn that the Indian's superstition held a much higher place in his life than ever had been supposed, and the strict observance of it had much to do with the most important events of his life. If hearts could be divided from each other by his tradition, could they not be reunited also? So Miss Cuthbert held her peace.

One afternoon, in October, nearly six weeks after the opening of our tale, the little missionary was summoned to the home of one of her parishioners, whose little child was dangerously ill. The day was cool and exhilarating, with just a hint of frost in the air. The native flowers still bloomed bravely in the sheltered glades, but the frail imported ones in the missionary's garden, cut down by the first heavy frost, were but a black, reeking mass of wilted leaves. The bluffs, which dotted the valley were stripped of all their gorgeous dress, and stood up harsh and barren against the cold outline of the hills. Full grown blackbirds and squawking jays gathered in the nude branches; pouring forth their farewell song, while in the cold blue of the sky, myriads of wild geese and cranes could be seen wending their airy flight toward warmer regions, with the sunshine glittering upon their snow white breasts and wings. It was a season of fulfillment, when summer, withered and bent with the burden of her many labors turns a smile of tender farewell upon her sleeping children, before passing down into eternity.

When she arrived at her destination, Miss Cuthbert found the child already dead and the poor mother almost prostrated with grief. No word of hers, however tender, could touch the poor anguished heart, so the missionary concluded that it was useless for her to remain. She thought of Winunla. Perhaps the mother would be helped by one of her own people sooner than a stranger. And suiting the action to the thought, she at once set off toward home. Half way there she met the object of her return.

"Oh, Winunla!" she exclaimed, joyfully, "I am so glad you are come! But, hurry, do, for the poor mother is almost beside herself and will not listen to any word of comfort I speak. I will return and care for Billy."

The boy was asleep when she arrived, so she left him in the hammock on the porch, where he was lying and sought her room. She was feeling rather faint after events of the afternoon and was about to lie down on her bed for a short rest, when, through the window, she espied someone approaching the house, on the road that led to town. It was a tall slender young man, dressed in trim well-fitting clothes. His hat was pulled so far down over his eyes that she could not make out whether he was a white man or one of her copper-coloured parishioners, but the tiny girl beside him, dressed in a delicate frock of white muslin, was unmistakably of the former class. Miss Cuthbert decided to wait where she was until summoned

THREE REASONS

Each With Two Legs and Ten Fingers.

An Eastern woman who is a fond mother writes an amusing article about her experience feeding her boys.

Among other things she says: "Three chubby, rosy-cheeked boys. Bob, Jack, and Dick, respectively, are three of our reasons for using and recommending the food, Grape-Nuts, for these youngsters have been fed on Grape-Nuts since infancy, and often between meals when other children would have been given candy.

"I gave a package of Grape-Nuts to a neighbor whose 3-year-old child was a weazened little thing, ill half the time. The little tot ate the Grape-Nuts and cream greedily and the mother continued the good work, and it was not long before a truly wonderful change manifested itself in the child's face and body. The results were remarkable, even for Grape-Nuts.

"Both husband and I use Grape-Nuts every day and keep strong and well and have three of the finest, healthiest boys you can find in a day's march."

Many mothers instead of destroying the children's stomachs with candy and cake give the youngsters a handful of Grape-Nuts when they are begging for something in the way of sweets. The result is soon shown in greatly increased health, strength and mental activity.

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

by the bell and sat down in a chair with a book. But, as the minutes passed, and no sound broke the stillness, she decided to go and investigate. She gasped with surprise and stepped back into the shelter of the doorway at the sight which met her view. For, standing over the hammock, was the stranger, his hat removed from his head, so that the missionary caught a full view of his face with its blue eyes and rings of fair hair. His lips were pressed to the hot forehead of the boy; he was softly speaking the lad's name. Miss Cuthbert comprehended the whole at a glance, but what followed—she was not prepared for that. When the little girl uttered a terrified scream, she stepped out quickly from her hiding place. The stranger seemed to be entirely unconscious of her presence. His eyes were fixed on his little son, and she, after one glance, understood and drew the little girl gently into the house, and then took up a position opposite the father.

Billy's features were quivering as with intense agony, and one little wasted hand was up-raised. His body was tense and stiff; his eyes were raised to his father's but he seemed to see him not. The man's face was as set like flint, as that of one who feels the full intensity of another's pain, but cannot, because of his native hardihood, give vent to it in any way.

It was all over in a moment. The child's features relaxed, his eyes took on a rational expression again and his lips curved in a joyful smile of recognition.

"Father!" he breathed. Then the expression of joy merged into one of perfect peace, as, with the parting words, "Love ever," the little warrior who had been willing to die that he might make atonement for his people, left his habitation of pain for another of joy unutterable.

In a little while they heard Winunla coming. Her head was bent, so that she did not notice the presence of the stranger, until she reached the hammock, and leaned over her little boy. Even then the surprise she might have felt at seeing him there was lost in the awful revelation that came to her with the touch of her hand on his cold little face. With a piercing shriek, she flung herself across his little lifeless body and uttered a succession of bitter wails.

"Winunla!" The man's voice was very gentle, and the blueness of his eyes was dimmed with hurried pity, as he stooped over her prostrate form and lifted it in his arms. The missionary turned away, sobbing. It was a sight too holy for even her sympathetic eyes to witness.

"Winunla! Listen! It was all a lie—that loathsome story you heard. Will you not believe it? Love me again, dear heart, for the atonement has been made," here he laid his hand reverently upon the dark head of their little son, "and the wrath of the Indian maiden has been appeased. Winunla! Forgive!"

For a moment she resisted, rebelliously, to free herself from his firm grasp, then laid her head on his shoulder, and grew strangely quiet, as the missionary's voice reached her. "So shall he do with this—and shall make atonement for them and forgive them."

A Terrible Enemy.

There is left upon mind an impression of the wonderful efficiency and the complete enthusiasm of the German Army. Embossed upon the belts of the German soldiers is the legend "Gott mit uns" ("God with us"). They believe it. They are a virile and believing nation—such people make a terrible enemy.—A. J. Dawe.

Painful Process

George: "What a fine building that is across the way."

Charles: "Yes, yes; but the owner built it out of the blood, aches and groans of his fellow men; out of the grief of crying children and the woes of wailing women."

"Ah! A rumseller, of course. Yes, yes!"

"Oh, no; he's a dentist."

They Were Accommodating

He was undeniably from far beyond the suburbs, and, as he was walking along a city street, he stopped in front of the fire-engine house and looked in.

"Have many fires in this town?" he asked.

"Yes, we have them pretty often," replied the fireman.

"Ever try to see how quick yew can hitch up?"

"Oh, yes."

At that moment an alarm came in. At the first stroke of the gong the men rushed to their posts, the doors of the stalls opened, and within a few seconds men, horses and cart were speeding down the street.

The young man watched the proceedings with admiration. "Well!" he exclaimed when speech returned; "there ain't many towns where they'd go to all that trouble to show a stranger what they can do."

Empire Day, when County Schools gather for celebration. This picture was taken at Gladstone, Man.

How Much Sleep?

And now the authorities on health are saying that many of us sleep too much. Not over eight hours and better six or seven hours for an adult is about right, they say. Edison sleeps on an average of about four hours out of the twenty-four and advises others to do likewise. However, he is a law unto himself and not everyone would thrive on such a regime. The blood stream during sleep accumulates a certain amount of poisonous wastes because respiration is slower and the heart action also which means that there is less elimination of wastes. This accounts in part for the tired feeling and the headache which often follows when you sleep late. Try advancing an hour your time of arising and you will probably find you feel the better for it. Children in the growing stage, old people and neurasthenics of course need more rather than less sleep.

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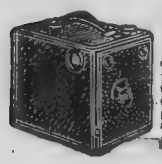

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A Strenuous Wooing

By E. L. Chicanot

WE had just finished supper and were consequently feeling in good humour as we sat in the bunk-house which was our only "Home Sweet Home," whilst out with the threshing outfit. Pipes and cigarettes were alight, and as the cold wind howled outside we instinctively drew closer to the little stove, and occasionally some particularly energetic one would so far bestir himself as to place another poplar log on the fire. Each head, lighted up by the fire of some smoking material, appeared above chair or box, whilst the particular pair of feet which belonged to each head it would have been difficult to pick out from amongst the conglomeration of boots resting on the stove.

Tom Baxter, the farmer whose crop we were threshing, was to be married the following week, the "second round," as Rob Mackay expressed it, for once before had he entered on the sea of matrimony, and this fact naturally brought round the conversation to a discussion of marriage and women in general. Old Nelson, who is never so happy as when filling his face, and who was plainly disgusted at the bachelor fare Baxter had put on the board, expressed the opinion that we were likely to get better grub when we came round next time, but we, most of us, asserted that there was more in marriage than that. I noticed that the married men were particularly strong on this point. Every man had his own views, which had all seen the light many a time before, and the female portion of the community was duly discussed and criticised. The subject seemed declining for lack of material when Rob Mackay, the separator man, pitched the stub of his cigarette in the stove, prepared to make another, and started out:

"I guess most of you fellers remember Jack Simmons that stopped at my place the summer 'fore last?"

The waving of several pipes and cigarettes in their respective mouths gave assent, and Rob continued:

"Well, sir, Jack's got as fine a wife as ever a feller cud pick out of a fashion book, but he had the mightiest hard time 'courtin' ' I ever seen. He's a true sport though, an' he'll tell you right now that she was worth every bit of the trouble.

"Well, sir, you fellers know Jack was a cow-puncher, same as me, an' made of the same stuff as the rest of the species, only worse; just the sort of devil-may-care cuss you used to meet on the ranges them days. To hear him talkin' to the cows, when they'd break away, was a treat, an' fellers used ter come from the other ranches, an' take lessons, so to speak. He was sure a marvel at language work; just open his mouth an' let it say what it liked an' never say the same adjective twice in ten minutes. We was sure proud of Jack on the range an' he cud get a job anywhere.

"One summer Jack an' me was workin' on the BX ranch south of McLeod, an' me an' the other fellers began to notice how Jack was beginnin' to leave behind all his little failin's, so to speak. He quit the booze, except on some special bust-up, an' took to chewin' gum an' usin' plain dictionary language, though it come pretty hard at first, him not bein' used to it. He was sure qualifyin' for the little Sunday-School-Willie class, an' one night he took a feller, who you might call a novice 'longside Jack, and threw him outer the bunk-house fer makin' the air a little blue over a game of sevens-up. The feller was naturally a hot-headed cuss but he was so darned surprised that he just sat up on the ground gapin'! Believe me, there's only one thing that sets a feller on the goody line like that, an' we looks round fer the girl. She warn't hard to find neither, 'specially as Jack had took to goin' kind er frequent to the Horseshoe ranch, where Bessie Good kept house fer her old pa, when he was home, which warn't overly frequent, him havin' a double-distilled thirst fer stuff which Bessie wouldn't allow on the premises.

"We got to takin' an interest in Jack's courtin', none of us bein' in the runnin' an' things not bein' so excitin' but that we'd jump at anything that might turn up an ace. We helped him out all we could an' shared up all our toggery. One feller lent his fancy saddle, an' another his silver spurs, an' while one curried down his pinto cayuse, another did the same job fer Jack.

"Well, sir, we seen pretty soon that things warn't goin' just right. Jack 'ud come back to the ranch at night, lookin' kinder worried like, an' throw all his joy-rags in the corner. We was kinder curious to know how things were goin', but it bein' a rather delicate subject we stood it off as long as we cud.

"Jack's partner was Roy Gates, a young feller just come that spring from the East. He warn't hardly the kinder feller we'd been used to, bein' really just a kid, with the face an' complexion of a girl, an' we ragged him considerable until Jack took him under his wing, an' they become great pals. Roy havin' best right, we primed him up to know how Cupid was gettin' along, an' one night when Jack turned up late, looking partic'larly vicious, he up an' asks how matters was goin'. For a minute or two Jack lapses back into his primitive state, so to speak, and strings out the adjectives, an' it began to look like the old times.

" 'It's that darned red-headed cuss, Smithers, from the Bar A,' he says; 'the skunk seems to get there ahead o' me every blamed night, an' things is goin' bad.'

"Speakin' dramatically, there was a rival on the scene, an' the next night when Jack goes out, we holds a pow-wow, an' there havin' bin always kinder bad feelin' with the Bar A ranch, we makes a motion, which everybody seconds, to get ahead of Smithers if it was only for the honour of the ranch. Lots of plans was talked over, but none was any good, so we just waited to see how things would turn out.

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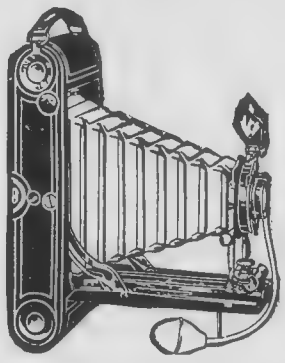

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"Jack always gave us the latest news from the scene of operations, when he seen we was all fer helpin' him, an' from what he said there was no tellin' which was the favoured one. One time he would come home lookin' quite down in the neck, an' another quite happy an' cheerful; they just about evened up. At last the two rivals got to dividin' up the week, Jack takin' three days an' Smithers three; an' Jack went visitin' too on alternate Sundays. Things worked a little better for a while, until I guess one of them calculated wrong an' turned up on the other feller's Sunday. They hadn't seen each other for a considerable time, an' had a good deal to say, mainly personal, which they put off until leaving. Anyhow, Jack turned up at the ranch with a black eye an' various bloody places on his face, which made us feel kinder disconsolate. But we cheered up when he told us how he had doctored Smithers' beauty-spots an' we set to work to fix up his eye. That week Bessie got a rest, none of them bein' in a fit state to visit, but time muster seemed kinder slow after havin' a cow-puncher on her hands every night fer a while.

"Next Sunday, Jack's face bein' healed up pretty good, he begins to collect his joy-rags, an' we was surprised to see young Roy Gates, baby-face, sprucin' up, too, an' he tells us he is goin' along with Jack to look after him. We sure laughed some, but Jack said it was all right, an' I guess most of us offered pretty well all we owned to change places with him, but there was nothin' doin'.

"Well, sir, young Gates was more of a diplomat or a secretary of war than an open-air scrapper, and from that day the most curious things uster happen at the Horseshoe Ranch; you'd er thought the place was haunted. Bob Smithers had struck the friend-an'-protector idea, too, an' had a big-whiskered feller 'long with him, that cud er swallowed young Gates an' his drug-store complexion, at a mouthful.

"At night when they come to leave, Smithers an' his pal found that their horses which they had tied to the fence had pulled out, an' young Gates havin' been outside helpin' old man Good in the barn, came in for a few choice remarks, but Bessie bein' round kinder held them down. Roy remarked as how, the moon bein' up, it was such a nice night fer a walk, an' then the friend-an'-protector feller exploded an' Bessie went inside to allow him to relieve his feelin's.

"Only once more did he return to the ranch with Smithers, an' a little incident in the afternoon deterred him from any more visitin'. The four of them were havin' supper with old man Good an' Bessie; an' young Gates, like the handy kid he was, helped round with the dishes. Bessie asked him to go to the kitchen an' get a jam tart that was warmin' in the oven (Smithers, I might say, was partic'lar partial to jam tart), telling him to be very careful 'cause it's temperature was apt to be pretty high. Soon he came runnin' back, makin' the awfulest face an lettin' on that tart was the hottest thing he ever struck. Lookin' at it now, it's kinder curious, but it was just when he was passing that tart to Bessie's pa, over the friend-an'-protector's head, that he come to the conclusion he couldn't hang on any longer, an' he dropped it. By a strange accident it must er turned, an' landed jam side down on the poll of Smithers' pal. He jumped from the chair like an outlaw with a spur in his ribs, fractured pie-crust stickin' all over him, an' the jam streakin' down his face an playin' hide-an'-seek in his whiskers. The tart was hot all right an' must er hurt some; anyhow he rushed outside an' stuck his head in the rain barrel. Even Bessie couldn't help laughin', an though young baby-face said how sorry he was, he found it advisable to slip out quietly an' come home alone to the ranch.

"As the stage fellers say, exit the friend-an'-protector, an' I guessed he must er passed the word on 'cause no one else looked for nomination. Smithers was sure in for a time then. One time his saddle would turn up missing, or minus a cinch, or he would find that some one had sat on his stiff stetson. He sure had one darned old time, an' bein' all alone it was kinder hard to keep track of things. But he had grit, that feller had, an' things began to come his way. Somehow girls always stick to the fellers that's under. We sized this up pretty soon, an' seen that the best thing we cud do was to put Jack in 'statue quo,' as the lawyer guys have it. So one day we soused him in the creek, an' with eyes closed an' breathin' like he was three sheets in the wind we takes him to the kitchen an' tells Bessie how he had tried to save a little frog from a non-vegetarian musk-rat. She sets up a great racket, an' gets somethin' in a flask, whick Jack refuses, mumblin' somethin' about bein' on the water-wagon since his heart became afflicted. All the time Bessie was callin' him all the spoony names she ever read of, an' things was lookin' fine until that darned Smithers got nosin' round an' discovered that Jack's hair wasn't wet at all. That was a set back all right, an' we slunk out mighty mean, an' Jack dursen't go back for a few days.

"Things was gettin' to a crisis, as you might say. This courtin' was the best thing that had struck the ranch for a long time an' we uster lie awake at night thinkin' out plans for the campaign. None of them was much good an' some of them would make you chuckle. Jim Jackson, who got so all-fired dramatic after he seen a real theatre play onct, even proposed settin' fire to the house, 'cause Jack cud have er chance of rescuin' Bessie. Poor Jim's drivin' tent-pegs fer a circus now.

"It was Roy Gates, after all, that thought of the A1 plan that did the trick, an' an agent for Jimson's Pills what happened to hit the ranch about that time helped us out considerable. He was pretty well down on his luck an' his grub fer a couple of days, an' a five spot, closed the deal.

"Next Sunday he goes over to the Horseshoe ranch with Jack an' Roy, an' at dinner they gets to talkin' about his travels. Seemin'ly that feller's bin all over this little world exceptin' China an' a few cannibal islands. Then like all those travellin' fellers do, he gets talkin' about the prettiest place he'd seen. I disremember just where it was: guess it was some place in Zululand where he cured the king of appendicitis and got made some high panjanorum or other—he'd got made lots of things accordin' to his account. Anyway he describes this place an' gets Smithers goin', and he blurts out:

" 'I'll bet it can't beat Lucas County, Iowa.'

"The agent looks up an' he says:

" 'Well, I dunno. But that's some pretty spot all right. I know it well. That your home, sweet home?'

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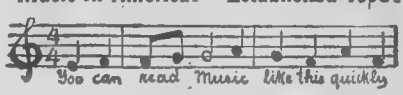

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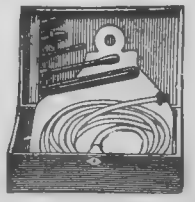

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looks over at the agent who was murmuring to himself:

" 'Smithers—Smithers—yes—seems to me your face looks familiar.' Then he gets enlightened-like. 'Why, I knew your people well; your wife too—in fact, I sold her some pills.'

"Smithers nearly jumps out of his chair, an' Bessie, I guess, had a spasm, too.

" 'You're makin' a mistake, young feller,' he says, 'I ain't done the matrimonial act yet.'

" 'Aw, come off,' says the agent feller. 'You can't bluff me. I knew your face at once. She showed me your photograph that she keeps on the pianner all decked out in chaps an' what not. She's mighty proud of her "Cowboy Bob" as she calls you. The kids are some pretty, too—take after their mother, I guess.'

"Smithers was trying to say something all the time but it just became a gasp an' a lot of funny sounds like a gasoline engine running down. He had quite a few things to say an' tried to get rid of them all at once so that they didn't amount to much. Bessie was lookin' kinder despairingly between him an' the agent, an' there was murder in Smithers' eye. Whilst Smithers was tryin' to explain everythin' to Bessie, the agent manages to slip out an' hit back to the ranch, while Jack an' Roy spent the afternoon in tellin' Bob how he ought to go back to his wife an' that there warn't no place like home for a married man. He spent the time in callin' us pet names an' inventin' nice methods of torture for that pill agent. On between whiles he was tryin' to persuade Bessie that he hadn't ever done the marryin' stunt; Bessie began to come round quite a bit when she found the quack had hit off, but we went away feelin' we'd done a little bit of good, an' that night the agent got his five spot.

"The second act, as you might call it, came off on the next Saturday. They was to brand some colts at the Horseshoe ranch an' Jack an' Jim Jackson went over to help. 'Course we knew Smithers would be there—he had pretty near made things straight with Bessie. About dinner time on that day you cud have seen a democrat speedin' it across the prairie, me an' a lady bein' in front an' a couple of fellers behind. You might have been surprised at the conduct of the lady, 'specially when she asks me to roll a cigarette—she havin' kid gloves on, an' tight ones at that. I told her to wait until the proceedings was over an' to look after her etiquette.

"When we reached the ranch we found the fellers settin' in bunches on the verandah smokin', with their feet on the rails. Smithers an' Bessie was just comin' from the kitchen after washin' the dishes. I helped the lady down from the rig an' she leant on my arm kinder forlorn like as we went up to the house: an' say, you should er seen those fellers straighten up—girls warn't anythin' too plentiful on the prairie those days. We was goin' slowly up to the verandah when that girl lets a falsetto scream out of her, an' hollers out:

" 'Bobbie, Bobbie, my own Smithers, here's your love-lorn wife come back.'

"Smithers takes a step back an' tries to say somethin' but pretty soon she's got her arm round his mouth, stoppin' it up, an' lettin' out the biggest flow of baby-talk you ever heard outside of a nursery. You bet the fellers wes surprised to see her cuddle up to that chap like that, an' Bessie, she looks killin' at Smithers. He was all the time tryin' to say somethin' but that girl sure could give some hug.

" 'Bobbie, Bobbie,' she sobs, 'won't you come back to your lovin' wife?'

"The fellers was all lookin' pretty black at Bobbie, an' he was tryin' to say half a dozen things at the same time an' perspirin' pretty badly over it. Not seemin' able to convince anybody, an' seein' the girl was comin' his way agin, he hits over to the corral for his cayuse an' pulls out.

"I felt kinder queer when I seen Bessie go up an' put her arms round the deserted wife, but the lady come over to me, an' I explained to them all that she wanted to go back to town since she found out how hard-hearted Bob was.

"The fellers all clustered round when we got ready to go, an' she gave them all a gloved hand to shake. I was fixin' the robes on the seat, when I heard a noise like a repeating rifle, an' turned round to find her kissin' the whole bunch of them. Bill Mitchell must er relished it some, too, 'cause he was first in line to get the embrace an' he steps round to the end an' gets a second dose. I managed to get her away at last, though she seemed to want to go over the bunch again, an' we started off for the ranch. Of course, you've guessed the lady warn't nobody but young Roy Gates, baby-face, an' I thought he'd die laughin' when he got off his gloves an' veil.

"Things seemed to go all right after that, an' Smithers dropped outer the contest. Bessie did no more buckin' an' Jack went every night to the Horseshoe Ranch. He wore a face like the risin' moon all the time, an' then one night wakes us all up, when he comes in, to tell us things is all fixed up an' they're to be married next month.

"I had been havin' what you might call qualms of conscience sometimes that we hadn't hardly given Smithers a square deal but one day when I told Jack he just sat down an' laughed.

" 'It was a bit thick,' he says, 'but Bessie knows all about it. I told her a while back and, gee, it was good to hear her laugh. An' say,' he goes on, 'she says she liked me best all along, an' was goin' ter have me anyway.'

"I thought this was kinder lettin' us down after all our trouble, an' says so. 'Why in Sam Hill did she make up with Smithers right along?' I says.

" 'Well, that kinder beats me too, says Jack, 'but she says that's the way a girl always does. You can't understand them nohow.'

"An' I guess he was about right, boys," says Rob.

"That month they gets hooked up good an' proper an' we was all at the ceremony, young Gates bein' best man, though he warn't more than a kid.

"Jack got a place of his own soon after, an' we used often go down there in the fall, duck-shootin'; but a feller don't have time to do nothin' with this farmin'

"There's nothin' like the old ranchin' days."

"There you are now," he says disgustedly, as we were lolling in our seats and the boss calls out:

"Better go to by-by boys, an' get your beauty sleep. Four o'clock comes awful early."

So we all tumbled in.

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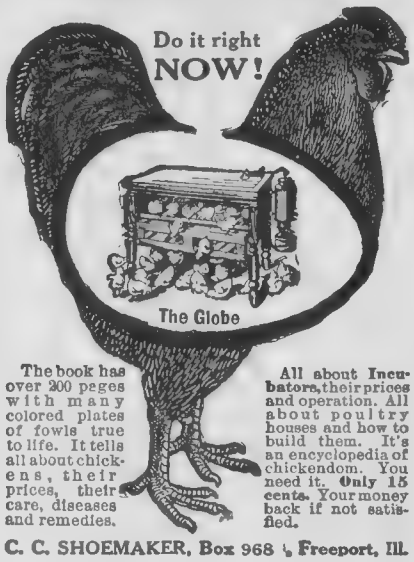

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From the Ashes of Yesterday

By Kydd Eggie

IN the comfortably furnished dining room of a suburban home, Edward Shorey and his wife sat at breakfast. The only sounds to break the stillness were those occasioned by the musical contact of the china and silver as the meal progressed; or by the rustle of the morning paper, behind which Mr. Shorey had buried himself.

As the meal finished, Mrs. Shorey broke the silence by asking, somewhat apologetically, "Edward, will you have time to send a man up to the house to-day to see about that plumbing?"

After a pause, her husband answered, without lifting his eyes from the paper, "Oh, yes, I'll try to find time to-day, Mydra."

A frown passed over the wife's face, for this was about the fifth time she had received just such an answer to that question, without apparent results.

The man folded his paper, pushed back his chair, and arose from the table remarking meanwhile, "It looks as if it were to be a fine day."

"Yes, I must try to take the children out while the sun is bright," answered his wife, without enthusiasm.

"But thinking about what kind of things, muvver," persisted Betty, standing with wide-open eyes waiting for her answer.

"Well, Betty, I was thinking of your grandmother and all the dear people far away that we are going to see some day. Mother left them all five years ago when she married daddy and came here to live."

Mydra took her other child into her arms and sat down beside Betty; then continued, speaking more to herself, it must be confessed, than for the child's benefit. "It was such a pretty wedding and oh, I was so happy," went on Mydra dreamily. She was completely aroused, however, by the touch of Betty's arms about her neck and a voice appealing: "But you is lots gladder now, muvver, cause you has got me, isn't you, muvver?"

The mother was strangely moved, and it was after an effort to control her voice that she gave the little one the answer and caress that she wished.

"Bless you, darling, mother's happiness is all wrapped up in you and baby —and daddy," she added, softly. Then

Healthy looking Potatoes from the garden of Mrs R. Cameron, Gladstone, Man.

"Very good, very good. Well I must be off. Good morning, Mydra," said Mr. Shorey, and then he was gone.

Mydra went to the window and watching him go down the street, murmured softly, "We have been married five years to-day, I wonder if he will remember—probably not until he is reminded of it."

"Oh I wish he would turn and wave to me from the corner this morning as he always used to do but those days are so long past," she added with a sigh, as her husband disappeared from view, and she set about her morning tasks without joy.

In spite of the fact that Mydra Shorey's hands were completely occupied all forenoon with the duties of housekeeping and the care of her two small children, her thoughts strayed to other days when the privilege of sharing a home with Ned Shorey had seemed an ideal thing. When this home had been the vision of the future, their great love for each other had been the atmosphere which made it wonderful, so now when the home was a reality, apparently devoid of that love, it seemed a very common-place thing. Mydra realized that with all her efforts to keep the house pretty and scrupulously clean the essential quality of a home was lacking.

"Why is you so quiet, Muvver?" queried the four-year-old Betty, as she followed her mother about the house, giving her usual assistance in the way of upturning rugs, leaving little finger-marks on the windows or furniture, and upsetting dishes, with the pious conviction that she was "Helping Muvver." "Oh mother was just thinking, dearie," answered Mrs. Shorey, absently.

rising and putting the baby down, she said cheerily, "See, Betty, here comes Postie," and the child ran gleefully to the mail box, returning with her chubby hands full of mail matter.

"How many letters to-day, dear?" asked Mydra, as the mail was put into her hands.

Foremost amongst its contents was a bulky letter from her mother and the home-folk, brim full of good wishes for many joyous returns of the anniversary. It breathed such peace and love in the assurance that such a happy bride had fulfilled all their prophecies, by developing into a charming wife and mother—how they longed to see Ned and her in their own home with their babies. "Oh, mother, I am so glad you cannot see how nearly I have failed," thought Mydra wildly, "I have been too tired or too busy to think about trying to make myself charming, and anyway, Ned never takes any notice of how I look or feel any more."

Mydra was overcome with feeling to which she longed to give way, but instead, set bravely about finishing her work.

During the succeeding hours, as she reviewed the events of their marriage day and of their life together, a longing awoke for the re-establishment of the affectionate and sympathetic companionship that had been Ned's and her's until this indifference had enveloped them.

"I will conquer my pride and make the first overture," she thought, and immediately set about her plans for the campaign, with a lighter heart than she had carried for many a day.

After planning and beginning the preparation of a nice little dinner, embodying some of Ned's favorite dishes, she

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laid the table with their prettiest china and silver, tucked the children into their dainty beds earlier than usual, that she might give herself only to Ned this evening.

When she had convinced herself that the dinner was going on properly, she went to her room to make a more elaborate toilet. As she brushed her hair she surveyed herself in the mirror critically, soliloquizing, "I really don't look like the girl I was five years ago, with these dark circles around my eyes, my color gone, and my hair devoid of its fluffiness; Ned always used to rave about my hair. Well, my eyes seem the only unchanged thing about me."

From her wardrobe she selected a frock of soft blue material, which Ned had often admired in the old days, now, although sadly out of fashion, was still very becoming, and it was a pleasing figure that awaited the home-coming of her husband that evening.

Mydra felt restless and as the minutes flew past without bringing Ned, she wandered back and forth between the kitchen and living room.

"The dinner will be quite spoiled," she said mournfully, "and if he does not hurry I'll forget my little speeches, and lose my courage."

Her good spirits were ebbing fast when steps sounded upon the verandah and were followed by a knock at the door. Mydra started, then thinking that Ned must have forgotten his latch-key, hastened to open the door without turning on the porch light.

"Good evening, Mrs. Ned," said a voice before Mrs. Shorey had time to notice that the man was not her husband. "Good evening," she returned chillily, then in a moment, as the light fell on the man's face, she held out her hand, exclaiming happily: "Why Lance Drew, where did you drop from? Such a surprise! Are you directly from home? Have you seen Ned?"

"Well, Mydra, if you let me sit down I may find time to answer a few of your questions," said Lance Drew, smiling, then they both laughed as she showed him into the little living room and began still farther to ply him with questions concerning the dear friends in their distant native town, from which he had just come.

"Where is Ned, Mydra?" He managed to ask when a pause in the conversation gave him an opportunity.

"Oh, he hasn't come home for dinner yet, although I have been expecting him for an hour," was the reply, "I really thought you were he."

"I had his business address and called there before coming here but he had left the office, so I fully expected to find him at home," said Mr. Drew.

The conversation turned again to old friends, and they were so engrossed recounting and laughing over youthful experiences that Ned had entered the house before they were aware of his presence.

He caught a glimpse of the especially pretty dinner table and was prepared to see his wife entertaining visitors, but Mr. Drew's back was toward the door and he could not think to whom Mydra could be talking with such animation and evident pleasure.

"Who the dickens is he?" thought Ned, but was left no time in doubt, as his wife, turning, noticed him and came to meet him.

It was the old happy Mydra who smiled and drew him into the room, saying: "You are late, Ned, see whom we have here." "Well, I'll be blest! Lance, old boy, how are you?" "Capital, capital, Ned. How are you yourself?" And the pleasure of the two friends was genuine.

Mydra left them to themselves and slipped out to serve the dinner, congratulating herself on having such a well arranged meal to offer their unexpected guest.

She peeped into the little mirror over the sink to assure herself that she was looking as well as she might.

"I wouldn't have Lance guess for the world how unhappy I have been, or that Ned and I have been living in such indifference," and through the meal, and the hours which followed, she seemed the personification of happiness. Ned watched her furtively as she talked with their guest and his thoughts were a confusion of old memories and lately lived scenes. "Mydra looks like my old sweetheart to-night, I haven't heard her laugh so much for an age," he reflected, then an idea flashed into his mind, and his face took on a scowl. "Perhaps she's been regretting her choice all this time. She may have been sorry that she let Lance go for me. What else could her actions and this sudden change mean? Fool that I've been," he mused bitterly, and once the serpent of suspicion had entered his mind there was plenty of work for him and Ned's brow grew darker. Mydra had risen and was evidently looking out a piece of music while Lance opened the piano. "She hasn't touched the piano for weeks before," sneered Ned to himself, but he started with a feeling of guilt when Mydra said sweetly, "Come, Ned, let us have some music? Lance wants to hear some of those duets which we used to sing at home so much."

"Come along old fellow, let's hear if matrimony has spoiled your voice," enjoined Mr. Drew, smiling and drawing his friend up to the instrument.

Ned rose reluctantly, but the smooth running notes of the accompaniment, played by his wife, helped to dispel the bitter thoughts, and he soon was absorbed in the peaceful atmosphere created by the music.

When it was over he had regained his complacency and his distrust had gone, so it was a good natured host that bade his old chum good-night and good-bye at the car.

"It did seem good to see Lance again, didn't it?" said Mydra when they were alone. "It surely did. It brought old times back again all right. Well, it's late. I am going to bed. Good-night, Mydra." "Good-night Ned. I want to tidy things a bit," answered Mydra slowly, as Ned went up stairs.

She began to remove all signs of their little feast but her gaiety had left her and the old listlessness returned.

"My plans and resolutions came to naught," she sighed, "and I wanted to make a new beginning so badly, but Ned seemed unconscious of any effort on my part, and, oh, dear," her head fell upon the table and she gave herself up to tears.

Ned's thoughts were busy also; he was possessed with a spirit of unrest. He wanted to have this thing out with Mydra but didn't know how to begin. He took off his shoes and coat but could decide on no definite action. With the ostensible purpose of getting something from his overcoat pocket in the hall, he came downstairs again, quietly and hesitatingly, and was surprised to see Mydra, who so lately had been in such radiant spirits, a picture of woe.

"What's the matter, Mydra?" he asked kindly, going to her side and laying his hand on her shoulder. "Oh! You startled me Ned!" she exclaimed, but quickly dropped her head again without answering his question.

"Tell me, Mydra, what's bothering you? Are you ill, or what is it?"

She raised her head but kept her eyes away from him as she answered, evaseively:

"Oh I was only feeling blue over a disappointment I've had."

Ned groaned. "It is just as I feared," he thought, suspicions arising more formidably than before. He determined to know the worst, however, and set about it diplomatically.

"That was a rattling good dinner you had for Drew to-night, Mydra." She gave him a quick queer look, then a smile overspread her face as she rejoined quickly:

"Oh, Ned, are you sure?"

Ned's heart began to soar. "Liked it; well I guess, it would be a funny fellow who wouldn't appreciate such a dinner as that was and served by such a pretty little woman in a love of a blue frock."

"I am so glad," she said happily and poor Ned was further puzzled as she put her arms about his neck and again began to cry.

"Well, that is a great way to act glad. What is all this about?" He held her and waited. "Come, I must know."

"Ned——" "Yes, Mydra——" "Do you know what day this is? It is our fifth anniversary and I was feeling grieved because we seemed so much less to each other than we did five years ago, and because we seemed to be living in such a state of indifference that I thought you did not care for me any

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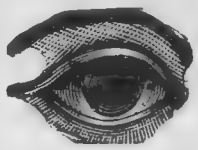

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WINNIPEG

more, and there was no use trying to make you. When mother's letter came to-day it made me feel ashamed for I could see where I had made a big mistake by being too taken up with the children and the house and too tired out to be a companion to you any more..... I didn't know what to do but thought I would make a little festival to-night, just for you and me, and try to tell you how I missed your comradship. Then Lance came while I was waiting for you and when you did put in an appearance" —she hesitated and kept her face hidden on his shoulder. Ned's lips were dry as he said tensely "Go on, Mydra."

"Well, Ned, I—I thought you seemed to think that the especial care I had taken with my appearance, and the dinner, and everything was on Lance's account, and that part hurt—then I couldn't say what I had intended to you and felt so sadly disappointed over it all?"

Ned's face showed a conflict of emotions as his wife stopped speaking and his arms closed more securely about her. After a pause he said:

"Poor little girl, to think that my thoughtlessness, or selfishness rather, has caused you such unhappiness but only let me and I will try and make it all up to you darling," and as if to seal his vow, he kissed her passionately and held his face close to hers.

Silence reigned and during those moments a load of bitterness and blindness was buried forever and above them flourished an understanding and ennobling love.

Before they said good-night again, Mydra, with eyes full of mischief, asked laughingly:

"Will you send the plumber up tomorrow Ned?"

The clock struck two.

"Not to-morrow but to-day, dear," he answered.

A Pure Election

By Marvin Leslie.

IT was the evening before the day before the general election, and President Harper of the "Out" Association in the County of Lecarnot was presiding over the final meeting of the party workers.

The report of the Finance Committee distributing the funds among the different polling places had been presented and the workers were dividing up the "Mission Field" for election day.

"Mr. Logan will take the Bristol poll," Harper announced.

"Pretty tough ground," remarked the Secretary.

"We've never got a majority there yet," supplied the Chairman of the Finance Committee.

"How are the other fellows fixed for cash?" asked Logan.

"Our spy on their committee says that they have $1,500 and the promise of $300 more," replied one of the up-river men.

"Jack Clayton usually handles their money there, too," averred another.

"We will expect you to come out even this time," declared the President.

"Come out even," exclaimed Logan. "Do you imagine a fellow can fight Jack Clayton and $1,800 on his own ground with $500 and a feeling of optimism and come out even? It's a political impossibility."

"If you don't care to try," replied Harper, "I've no doubt Mr. Winton would undertake the job."

"Is it possible that Grace really cares for Winton, and is her father trying to favor him in this matter?" Logan asked himself as he looked across the table and caught the supercilious sneer on Winton's handsome dissipated face.

"Well, what do you say?" asked Harper impatiently.

"I'll go," said Logan coldly, "but if $500 is all you can spare you might as well keep it and give it to the Salvation Army."

The next afternoon Logan got off the up express at Bristol station and was promptly picked up by the local committee who proceeded to enlighten him on local conditions.

That evening they held a final meeting and checked over the list, the last count showing 160 "Outs," 180 "Ins," and 22 "Doubtfuls."

"The whole thing depends on them 22 men," declared the local President with more emphasis than grammar.

"How are their sympathies on general principles?" Logan asked.

"They all lean our way," was the reply, "and if we had dollar for dollar we could hold them flat."

Logan smiled grimly as he thought of the paltry roll of bills in the grip at his hotel. If he were to come out even it would have to be a battle of wits and not of wealth.

"If they are with us," he suggested, "why can't we get them to take the other fellow's money and vote for Smith?"

"We used to do that," exclaimed one of the committee, "and it made it very cheap for us, but since Jack Clayton's been coming up here he's worked some new scheme so that he actually knows how they vote and they're afraid to try any funny business."

"I don't see how he beats the secret ballot if our inside men are on their job," said Logan.

"Neither do we," was the reply, "but every time a man votes for us and tries to get any money from them they tell him just how he voted and they never miss it either."

The next morning the poll opened at nine o'clock and Logan, whose name had been transferred to Bristol, managed to get in first.

The returning officer and poll clerk were both rabid "Ins" he noticed, and Jack Clayton was installed as inside scrutineer.

The returning officer found Logan's name, initialled and handed him a ballot, repeating the stereotyped instructions: "Take the ballot to the secret compartment where you will find a table and pencil. If you want to vote for Broadstreet put your mark there—if for Smith put your mark there. Then fold the ballot so the mark cannot be seen and return it to me."

Logan retired to the booth and made a thorough examination, but found everything in order. No peep-holes or chances for springs or signals.

Then he turned to the table which was covered with a sheet of pasteboard securely tacked on. The pencil for marking the ballots, he noted, was of ordinary black lead but rather hard. As he marked his ballot for Smith on the table and turned it over he saw that the rather rough pasteboard and hard lead pencil had produced a raised cross on the back of the ballot, which a sharp-sighted person could notice as it went in the box and could tell by its position on the back of the ballot how he had voted.

"Probably that's where they catch on," said Logan to himself. "At any rate it's worth trying."

As soon as he came out and saw his ballot deposited in the box he turned to leave the room.

"What are you figuring on?" asked Clayton pleasantly, for he was a jovial if unscrupulous opponent.

"We'll break even," laughed Logan.

"If you do," replied Clayton, "you can have my head for a football."

When Logan reached the street he went down to the general store where he bought twenty-two lead pencils with the softest lead he could find and the same number of short wooden knitting needles, which formed a pretty good imitation of the pencils barring the lead. Then he returned to the committee room and took up his station at the window facing the polling booth.

By this time the voters were beginning to arrive and the scene was an animated one. The committeemen of both parties were among the crowd and as soon as a loaded team came in from the country the voters were promptly "nailed" by the zealous workers.

Logan felt his pulse quicken as he surveyed the busy shifting crowd. "Surely," he reflected, "politics has its sordid side, but it's a man's game after all."

The secretary of the local committee hurried in.

"Give me $5 for Jesse Foster."

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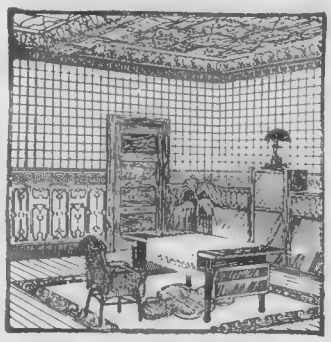

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Logan opened his grip and extracted the roll of bills which constituted the sinews of war for the Bristol poll.

"$500 versus $1,800," he mused, "a pretty weak combination."

"Here," to the secretary, "pay your feeding and livery bills and corrupt the electorate with the rest."

The secretary smiled ruefully, "I guess there is not much danger of us breaking the election law at that rate."

"There are other ways of winning elections besides money and prayers," replied Logan, "and I want you to send each one of those twenty-two 'doubtfuls' to me before the other fellows get hold of them."

"Sure," replied the secretary, "but if you can handle them without cash you're some election worker."

"Well, we'll try," averred Logan. "Have you voted yet?"

"No, but I'm going over right now."

"All right," said Logan, "and when you go in give our inside scrutineer a tip not to try to stop Clayton if he catches him signalling."

"Not to stop him?" queried the Secretary.

"Sure."

"And you mean that if Clayton wants to signal we're to give him a free hand?"

"That's the game."

"Well, I can't see your drift," replied the Secretary, "but there's one of your 'doubtfuls' now and I'll send him in."

When the voter appeared Logan greeted him as an old friend and at once came to the point.

"I know you want to vote for us," he declared.

"Yes, I do," replied the elector, "but I suppose there will be a little something in it for a fellow."

"We haven't a dollar to spare after paying for our dinners and horse hire," replied Logan sadly, "but the other side is well fixed for cash and with the secret ballot nobody knows how you vote."

"That's just the trouble," replied the voter, "Clayton is in the poll and he has some way of telling how a fellow votes and signals it outside. We tried that game last election and couldn't."

"Well," said Logan, "I've a scheme that I want you to try and if it don't work I will agree personally to see that you don't lose anything."

"All right, anything to help out."

"Now," explained Logan, "here's a lead pencil and a wooden one. Put both in your pocket and when you go in to vote, first mark the ballot for Broadstreet with the wooden one on the pasteboard and bear on it as hard as you can without tearing the paper. Then mark it for Smith with the lead pencil you take in with you on a smooth surface, bearing on just hard enough to make a plain mark. Stick to it that you voted for them and you'll be all right."

"It's the people's money anyhow," remarked the voter by way of justification.

"Sure," agreed Logan, "and we are doing the best we can to bring it back to them."

"I'll stay with you on this racket, anyway," declared the voter.

"Good enough," replied Logan. "Now go and make your trade with them and vote right away."

Logan watched him as he made his way to the street where he was picked up by one of the opposing committee and, after a brief colloquy, entered the poll.

As the voter returned from the secret compartment and handed his ballot to the returning officer who dropped it into the box, Clayton leaned forward, glanced at it keenly and placed his pencil behind his left ear. The door-keeper opened the door with his left hand to allow the voter to come out, and a watcher hurried down to the "In" committee room. The voter, after a few minutes' delay, followed in the same direction.

Logan watched the proceedings with breathless interest.

"Here," he muttered, "is the test of my scheme."

A few minutes later his voter sauntered up the street with one of the "In" committee. They were chatting gaily and the elector was smoking a $2.50 per hundred campaign cigar.

"By Jove, it works," exclaimed Logan gleefully.

The rest of the day was a busy one. Logan neither ate nor drank but personally looked after all the countless details of a country poll, and kept after the committee to see that they brought every one of the "doubtfuls" to him before they voted.

The local men did their work thoroughly. Twenty of the "doubtfuls" were brought to Logan, who supplied them with pencils and sent them into the poll. One of them was "handled" by the other side before Logan's men could reach him, and the other had stayed at home, thinking that an auto would come for him.

At 4.30 the secretary strolled on. "Everything voted," he announced.

Logan threw his papers into his grip. "I've just time to catch that train," he sighed wearily.

Both candidates were aboard the south-bound express, surrounded by noisy groups of their workers who were returning from the polls in the northern end of the county.

As Logan entered the car, Broadstreet, the "In" candidate, greeted him with a confident smile.

"What did you do at Bristol?" he asked.

"Broke even," replied Logan, "and cut the wires of Clayton's signal system."

"Jack has a wireless system," laughed Broadstreet, confidently.

When the train reached the Shiretown, Logan and the other "Out" workers sought the "inner room" at the party headquarters, for the returns would soon be coming in.

President Harper was at the head of the long table with a desk telephone at his elbow and a number of the more composed members sat back with ruled pads for taking down the returns, with the results of the previous elections for instant comparison, or crowded around the blackboard at the upper end of the room.

The more noisy and excited workers expressed themselves in divers' ways. Dawson, who had not taken a drink since the writs were issued, was making boisterous and insistent demands for Scotch whisky. Hatfield, who had paid the fine of an imprisoned voter the day before election and had just discovered that he had been kidnapped by the other party the preceding evening, was swearing like the proverbial pirate, in spite of the efforts of the Presbyterian members to restrain him. Boyer, who had exceeded his appropriation at the Rockland poll by $250, was endeavoring to find if there was a surplus at any of the other polls to make up the deficiency.

The telephone rang.

Harper gripped the receiver and silence reigned.

"You have the returns from Bath? All right."

"Broadstreet, 167. Yes."

"Smith, 131."

A dozen nervous pencils transferred the figures to paper, and there was a hurried comparison with the result of the previous contest.

"We lost seven votes there," announced the secretary quietly. "Rather a bad beginning."

For over an hour the returns straggled in, generally singly, succeeded by nerve-racking waits. Then the returns from half a dozen polls would come in together and there would be an excited scramble for the blackboard.

Finally everything was in except Bristol, and the clerk in charge of the blackboard announced:

Smith, 3570.

Broadstreet, 3569.

Broadstreet's partisans in the street were already cheering exultantly, and preparing to start a bonfire in front of the "Out" headquarters.

"We're all done," Smith declared quietly, "for they always lead us at Bristol by a neat majority."

"Unless Mr. Logan has tied them," scoffed Winton.

"I knew he couldn't when I suggested it," interrupted the president, "and we might as well call ourselves beaten here and hope for better things from the rest of the provinces."

A telephone ring stopped the discussion.

"Hello," shouted Harper, "give us Bristol if you have it."

"Smith, 162. Yes."

"Broadstreet, 162."

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

OUR NEW YEAR'S "AT HOME"

The Western Home Monthly is a real home to a large circulation of readers. Young women and bachelors as well as our splendid Canadian homemakers come to us with encouraging appreciation for the practical information and literary instruction contained in our magazine. They say there is a personal tone among the contributors that creates a home-like atmosphere and they realize that sincerity and reliability are the vital elements that make The Western Home Monthly so popular and successful. Since we are so universally recognized as a home magazine, let this issue be a New Year's "at home" to our readers. We know that every member of the family will be interested in this "at home" as the editor has provided entertainment for all ages, and every contributor is a host or hostess inviting you to feel at home in their department as this particular page is devoted to girls and young women the hostess is willing and ready to answer questions concerning their complex problems. This department has found a big response and a real need, for girls write for advice on all matters concerning girlhood and we receive letters from men as well. We try to offer just the suggestion or the information that will infuse faith and courage into the heart of the reader—all letters are regarded confidential, and we have made it possible for many to attain the ambition of their heart. There have been times when we have lifted girls up from the depths to a life of hope and love. During the past year the writer of this page has had the privilege of meeting personally readers of this page who, while in the city, have found their way to her club of girls. It always sends a thrill of pleasure through her when they introduce themselves as readers of The Western Home Monthly.

We trust this at home day will make you feel that you are royally entertained. We invite you to visit every department—do not omit the art gallery—and we ask our wide and warm circle of friends to regard our "at home" as continuous, every issue urges you all to be present

* * *

A WOMAN'S BUSINESS

"The real business of a wife and mother is the home." An experienced physician said that in my hearing, the other day and it is true. His profession has made it possible for him to see the tragedies resulting from weak homes. I have carefully reviewed in my mind the girls of my acquaintances whose lives have been wrecked and with but two exceptions the girls were motherless or had mothers who did not give them the strength that comes from confidential motherhood. Many women are trying to mother humanity outside of their home while their own little ones are starving for maternal attention.

I believe that the present economical condition among young wage earning girls will have a tendency to keep more girls in their own parental homes and many other girls will go into home work, who would otherwise be filling aimless positions in offices and stores. Social conditions would be much better if young girls would do home work. When I see a young sixteen-year-old girl in an office position and watch her ambitious effort to appear like the young woman of twenty-five in dress and manner, I ask, where is the girl of sweet sixteen of former days, the girl whose interests were in the home and the home folk, the girl whose childhood clings to her in sweet security? Thousands of these wage earning girls are needed in homes. Too many are subjecting themselves to unnecessary artificial entertainment.

Why do girls not remain more in the home? Many leave home because they say their mothers do not understand them, others because they want to dress better, and then we find scores of girls who say they cannot have a good time at home. These are the chief causes of why young girls go out to work and they all require remedies that only mothers can give. A readjustment of conditions must begin in the home. Mothers must know their daughters better. A mother who is a good companion seldom has a broken heart. Then in this matter of dress I have talked with many young girls this winter who were out of work and their chief concern seems to be about their dress. One girl who was hungry told me that she wanted a new hat more than anything else. Where is our tidy simply dressed girl? A girl applies for a position. Her hat is decorated with a cheap plume, long black ear rings dangle from her ears, a lace waist with low collar robs her of her modesty, high-heeled shoes weaken her back, and cheap jewelry dazzle in shinestone brilliancy.

Then she wonders why the employer dismisses her. It is a great thing to dress in harmony with one's environment. Cheap gorgeous finery excite ridicule instead of admiration.

One seldom meets with rudeness, impertinence or lack of attention from a girl who is simply and appropriately dressed. On the other hand the overdressed type of girl is inclined to be rude and selfish. This is a line of work to be taken up by mothers.

The third cause is the "good time" cry. Where in all this wide world should girls look for a good time so much as in the home?

In an institution so full of possible happiness, can we not satisfy the desire that every girl longs for—delight? Make the environment pleasing to the girl's taste. Perhaps she objects to certain pictures. If so take them down and store them away. Satisfy her sense of the artistic. She must be doing something, let her arrange the furniture and plan the decorating. When I was at that impressionable age my sense of the artistic was sorely shamed because my grandmother did not believe in wall paper borders. Every other home had them and I was ashamed to have my friends see my home. The moment they entered I could see nothing but the big pink roses fighting the ceiling, horrible feelings of discontent choked me and my cheeks burned with harried pride. The first money I earned I used fifty cents of it to buy a border. Then I rearranged the pictures and I was happy. A little thing, but a big thing in a young girl's life.

It is true the world needs housekeeping and there are many noble women who are not physical mothers who are needed to bring about reforms that concern home life, but the remark of the physician is still with me, the home is the business of the mother.

If morality is a matter of geography, let civilization point on the map to Canada, the land of motherly women and clean home life.

* * *

A STIMULANT

Poverty in early life is not a bad stimulant. Jenny Lind was born to poverty and obscurity; she achieved wealth and world-wide fame. Jenny had a pet cat and she forgot her dismal surroundings when she sang to it. The spirit of song will lift girls out of poverty. Jenny said God gave her a voice, but she certainly left nothing undone to improve the gift. God gives every girl a gift to improve. Jenny Lind spent hours trying to sing one single word properly. Though she studied under masters she said: "I sing after no one's method; only as far as I am able after that of the birds; for their master was the only one who came up to my demands for truth, clearness and expression."

When P. T. Barnum contracted with her for 150 concerts at $1,000 each, with all expenses paid and a companion, secretary and horses and carriages, the bankers laughed at him. Later he told her that when the receipts exceeded $5,000, she should have half. Her first two concerts netted her $10,000, which she gave to the mayor to be divided among the city charities. No woman ever gave away so much of her own earnings and if any great woman ever reaped heaven's reward for goodness,

"Old Fashioned Cleanliness"

cost our mothers many a "back-breaking" day. The "new fashioned" cleanliness costs only the price of a cake of Sunlight Soap.

This purest of all laundry soaps has a gentle strength that moves dirt quickly without rubbing. And a $5,000 guarantee proves there is no adulterant or impurity in it to injure the finest fabric or hurt the daintiest hand.

For the thousand and one soap uses around the house—there is just one soap—

Sunlight Soap

5c. A BAR

All grocers sell and recommend it

137

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL
THE DAINTY MINT-COVERED CANDY-COATED CHEWING GUM

Will prove your best companion in the long winter evenings. What better combination than a glowing wood fire, a cosy chair, an absorbing book, and

Chiclets

MADE IN CANADA

1915
will add another year of leadership for the
HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO
to its more than 60 years' record of supremacy over all other Canadian pianos.
We sell this world-famous piano on Easy Terms.
Write for literature and full particulars. Also for particulars of our rare piano bargains in slightly used and second-hand instruments.
We are offering some Special Prices in Church Organs.
Write for particulars.
J. J. H. McLEAN & CO., LTD.
Winnipeg's Greatest Music House
The Home of the Victrola
J. W. Kelly, J. Redmond, W. J. Ross, Sole Owners
DEPT. W.
329 Portage Ave. WINNIPEG, MAN.

Want White Teeth?
Send twenty-five cents for formula used by Japanese. 20c. worth lasts months. Purifies the mouth, sweetens breath, hardens gums, whitens teeth. Everybody admires good teeth. Why not have them yourself?
International Supply Co.
Box 944L Columbus, O.

FREE 5 Year Rolled Gold Plated Bracelet for selling 20 pictures or 20 pkgs post cards at 10c
Gates Mfg Co. Dpt 541 Chicago

In Cases of Digestive Debility,

Benger's Food forms an appetising and easily digested cream. It is so soothing as to allay internal irritation, and so delicious as to gently incite into activity the weakened digestive functions and process of nutrition.

Begin Benger's food when digestion is deranged; always use it in temporary sickness, in infantile diarrhœa, and whenever internal disorder prevails in infant, invalid, or aged person.

BENGER'S Food

For INFANTS, INVALIDS and the AGED

is obtainable from all Stores, Grocers, etc. in sealed tins price 60 c. and $1.

Benger's Booklet—A little work of authority on the special feeding of Infants, Invalids, and the Aged, will be sent post free on application to

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester, Eng.

or from their Wholesale Agents in Canada:—The National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, or any of their Branches at

Halifax, N.S. Toronto, Ont. Calgary, Alta.
St. John, N.S. Hamilton, Ont. Nelson, B.C.
London, Ont. Vancouver, B.C. Ottawa, Ont.
Winnipeg, Man. Victoria, B.C. Regina, Sask.

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL
THE DAINTY MINT-COVERED CANDY-COATED CHEWING GUM

SEEDS FOR THE WEST
SELECTED, EARLY, HARDY, PRODUCTIVE VARIETIES

Write for Catalogue

Ready Jan. 1st., 1915

Steele, Briggs Seed Co. Limited
Winnipeg

ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Removes Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Curbs, Filled Tendons, Soreness from any Bruise or Strain; Stops Spavin Lameness. Allays pain. Does not Blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse. $2.00 a bottle, delivered. Book 1 K free.
W. F. Young, P.D.F., 138 Lyman's Buildings, Montreal, Can.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

benevolence and simplicity, surely she did. She saw her children grow to maturity and her grand-children played about her. On the last day of her life she sang, "In the Sunshine."

* * *

UNWRITTEN STORIES

She lived in a prosperous rural community where women are womanly and men are sincere. Her mother was of that fine type of feminine strength that infuses pure and noble ambitions into the hearts of her boys and girls. Both parents were united in the desire to educate their children and provided enough to make them comfortable and competent. Their home life was clean, healthy and bright. Finally the girl and brother turned their hopes city-ward. She was prepared to fill a good position in an office—so was he.

The money they earned together with help from their parents made it possible for them to live in unusually comfortable rooms, where they could entertain their friends. Music, books and a few luxuries left them little to want.

She was as fair and pure and lovely as a rose. Regularly the letters came from her beautiful mother and every one contained a note of anxious warning to be careful. "You have it in your power to allow our family to continue in its rank of high respect, or you have it in your power to crush us in hopeless ruin, you're the only daughter we have, be careful." This plea closed one of the mother's letters and the girl was sincere in her desire to remain loyally honorable to her family.

A big imposing stranger engaged rooms and board at the same boarding house. He boasted of his fine sense of manhood and his automobile (both of which were absent for obvious reasons). Being a professional at his business of "make believe" he won first the admiration of the brother. It is true he had no trunk nor luggage but he flattered the girl bought her flowers, took her to the theatre and to church, gave her the best time of her life and she felt that he was the only man she could ever love. He continued his attentions, bought more flowers and books, paying for them with the money he should have paid his landlady until he had the girl completely won. She forgot the fact that he was a total stranger and might have a wife across the line—she was too clean minded to think that he was a vicious brute hovering over her to ruin her life and the honor of her family. She did not know that such men go from city to city choosing a beautiful blossom of girlhood here and there to crush under the heel of evil beastly power, she could not see all this. The magnetic power of his physical personality mastered her reason, her judgment and all influence of beautiful home training, and so they became engaged, as all girls who are deceived do. This is the most critical period of a girl's life, the period of engagement. She believes in him, he seems so noble and reverential (at his work he swears like a demon but she does not hear him). She does not see the other side and will not listen, and cannot believe the warnings of her friends. I need not finish the story. She who sits beside the bed of a ruined girl and wipes the tear that is scalded by a fevered cheek, cannot find words to express the story that burns her soul.

* * *

THE NUPTIAL RING BETWEEN ENGLAND AND ITALY

Elizabeth Barrett Browning was a woman whose most exquisite thoughts were those of love and aspiration, though she was a life-long invalid. It is small wonder that she blossomed out in intellectual and wifely triumph when her mind was so clean and beautiful Though physically weak, she worked hard mentally giving her whole attention to the study of the soul of poetry until she attained marked success in her line of work. Both she and Mr. Browning lived in Florence and earnestly labored with their pens for that unity of Italy which has since become a fact. The Florentines placed this tablet above the door of the house they occupied as an appreciation of her work and influence: "Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who to the heart of a woman joined the science of a scholar and the spirit of a teacher, and who made, with her golden verse, a nuptial ring between Italy and England. Grateful Florence places this memorial."

* * *

A POPULAR PROFESSION.

Just now the mind of young womanhood is directed to the profession of nursing. Recently several girls have asked me the way to the hospital training work. One girl could never stay at any work long and she asked me if I would try to get her into a hospital.

"I should like to be a Red Cross nurse!" she exclaimed.

In her case I fear it was the spirit of adventure that tempted her to train for the profession. Many girls do not realize the sanctity of the calling, it is a noble profession, an important one. Listen to the words of Florence Nightingale, the English soldier's angel of mercy:

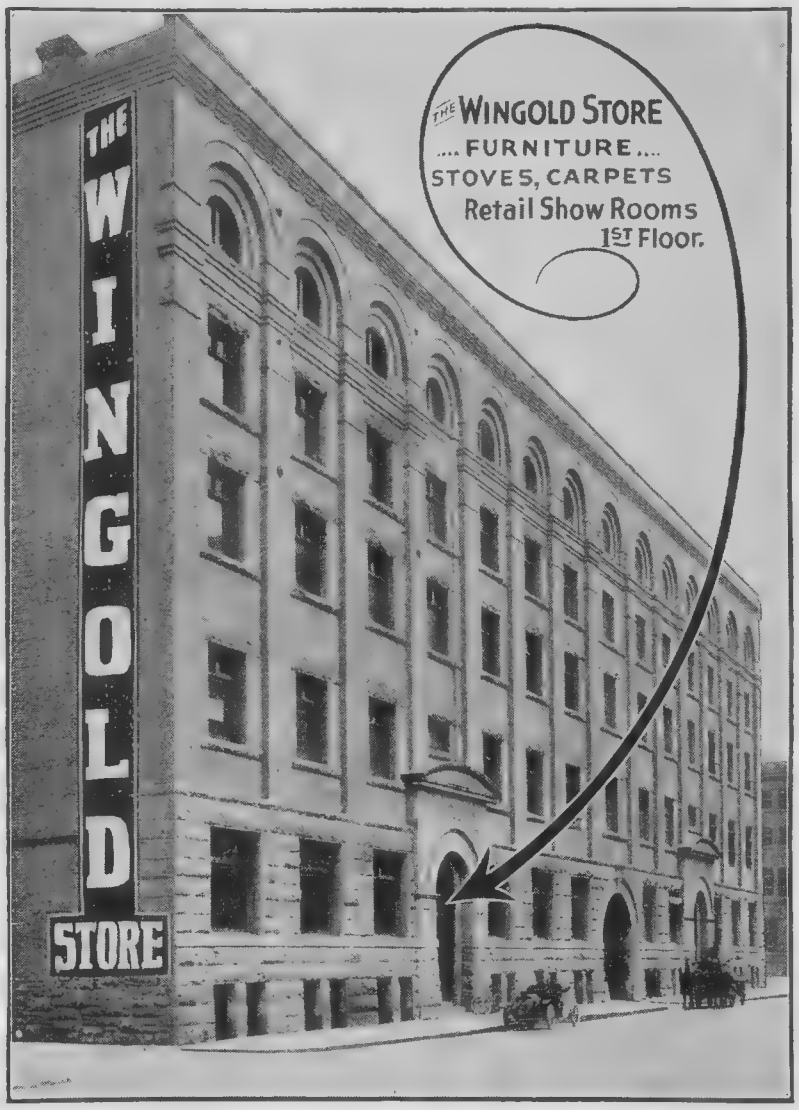
"Nursing is an art; and if it is to be made an art, requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any sculptor's or painter's work; for what is the having to do with dead canvas or cold marble compared with having to do with the living body, the temple of God's spirit?"

* * *

A BIT OF HISTORY

During the three most glorious epochs of English history the crown was worn by a woman. The Elizabethan era, the "days of Good Queen Anne," and the Victorian epoch are the periods of England's greatest grandeur. In literature, in exploration and conquest, in commerce and the industrial arts, and above all in the political thought that leads Great Britain ever onward, the record of these queenly regimes stands unapproached. Queen Victoria reigned sixty-four years and saw Great Britain grow into an Empire of more than twelve million square miles and over 240,000,000 people. When she was crowned it took months for her Foreign Office to communicate with her most distant possessions; when she died the news was flashed over the mountains and under oceans in a few seconds.

Mankind progressed in brotherly love. Child labor was regulated; women were no longer permitted to work in mines; the negro, however savage, was free wherever the British flag waved; her ships were the chief factors in suppressing the African slave trade on the high seas. In the main her voice was always for peace; though once embroiled in war, she never sought peace save with honor. She lived in a great era and did nothing to detract from its grandeur. The people chose for her wise ministers, and though she often disagreed with their policies and sometimes influenced them, she never opposed them. She displayed tact and never forgot to be a womanly queen as well as a queenly woman.



Wingold Stove Company Moves into Larger and Better Quarters

After years of successful merchandising on Bannatyne Avenue the Wingold Stove Co., Ltd., finds it necessary owing to the enormous increase of its business, to secure larger premises. Their new show rooms and warehouse, on Market St. East (in the very heart of the city, one block east of the City Hall) are among the largest and best in the city. A splendid display of this season's newest furniture occupies the ground floor, the balance of the building being used for offices and warehouse purposes.

Wingold's wholesale to consumer methods have saved the people of Western Canada hundreds of thousands of dollars, their prices on furniture, stoves, hardware, etc., being much less than in retail stores.

The 1914-15 Fall and Winter Catalog of the Wingold Stove Co. containing full listings of furniture, stoves, hardware, etc., is being mailed now. It is a tastefully arranged booklet, amply illustrated, substantially bound and with a picturesque two-color cover. Straightforward facts, good illustrations and plain figures tell the story of the many bargains it contains. It is yours for the asking. A card with your name and address will bring it free. Write to-day. Wingold Stove Co., Ltd., 183 Market St. East, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

CHRISTIE-GRANT'S BULLETIN OF BARGAINS

$1.25 BOYS' SWEATER FOR 89c

Of course you will say you can buy boys' sweaters at any time for this money but when you pay 89 cents in the regular way you get an 89 cent sweater. Ours are different; when we priced them at $1.25 they were mighty good value at that. We know the sweater business and we know sweater values; but we have a matter of one hundred and twenty-five that we are going to clear out. Some sizes are missing; several colors are not represented in the lot, but if you are fortunate enough to get the size you want the color is a secondary consideration. Of course if we cannot send the size, we will return your money.

BOYS' SWEATERS—

REGULAR **1.25** SPECIAL **.89**

50c BOYS' NIGHT ROBE, 33c

We are going to bunch this lot up with the Boys' Sweaters because, as far as value is concerned, they are in the same class. For 50 cents you could not buy the bare material. For 33 cents—well you would have to count the buttons and thread and the making would be a big factor.

BOYS' NIGHT ROBES—

REGULAR **.50** SPECIAL **.33**

$4.50 RED LINED COATS FOR $2.95

This is not necessarily a Christmas gift—it is a great comfort. The coat is made of blanket cloth and is lined with red flannel. It is just the kind of coat that elders in their childhood coveted; but in those days there were no exclusively mail order houses to set the standard of values. The sizes are 4 to 8 years.

BOYS' RED LINED COATS—

REGULAR **4.50** SPECIAL **2.95**

HERE IS A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

Every household should have a combination Hot Water Bottle, because no home knows the time when it will be required. If one of these bottles were always available many serious illnesses might be avoided.

As yet we have not catalogued these Combination Hot Water Bottles in our regular catalogue because we have never as yet catalogued drug sundries, but when we do—in the Spring and Summer Catalogue—our regular price will be $1.85, and at that it will be just about $1.00 less than prevailing prices in Winnipeg drug stores.

COMBINATION HOT WATER BOTTLE—

REGULAR **1.85** SPECIAL **1.38**

$35.00 MEN'S MARMOT LINED COATS $21.60

It may be a little late in the season to think of fur lined coats, but if you have lived in the West for any length of time you know that February is the month that tests the fibre of your wearing apparel, and then remember there are other winters, and every one of them will have a frosty February. This is a season's end offering that makes you think of next year.

MEN'S MARMOT LINED COATS—

REGULAR **35.00** SPECIAL **21.60**

Being a purely catalogue house we find it advisable from time to time to offer to our mail order customers certain lines to clear at greatly reduced prices.

If we did a city business we would offer these as Friday bargains to the people of Winnipeg but, being a purely catalogue house, we are giving our mail order customers all the benefits of all the price reductions we make to reduce our merchandise.

The particular lines described herewith are some that were in our regular catalogue. At the end of the season we had not enough left to justify us in giving them a place in our Sale Catalogue so we are telling you about them now and we sincerely hope that our mail order customers will appreciate our special values because, in this way, we can form a connection valuable alike to them and to ourselves.

The prices we quote herewith do not begin to cover the cost of manufacture; but that is just the principle of Friday bargains. When lines become broken they must be cleared out else merchandise would continue to increase until it became unsaleable. To avoid this, it is far better to make seasonable sacrifices.

THERE IS ONE THING TO BE REMEMBERED, HOWEVER, AND THAT IS THAT IN EVERY CASE OUR QUANTITIES ARE LIMITED. IF THEY WERE NOT, YOU WOULD NOT HAVE THESE OPPORTUNITIES.

PERHAPS YOU REQUIRE SHOES

Since we organized our Mail Order business, we have come to the conclusion that our shoe values were the best we offered in our Fall and Winter Catalogue, because our shoe sales have been phenomenal.

Like all other lines of goods, we find at the season's end that we have some lines in which some sizes are missing.

When we offer special shoe values, you will readily understand that they are very exceptional. Here is a list we have to offer, and you can judge for yourself. But the qualities in every case are very limited; so that you must act promptly to profit by our special offerings.

WOMEN'S KOZY SLIPPERS, Red and Brown—

REGULAR **.80** SPECIAL **.50**

WOMEN'S JULIETS, Red, Brown and Black—

REGULAR **1.00** SPECIAL **.75**

WOMEN'S FELT BUSKIN—

REGULAR **1.15** SPECIAL **.75**

MEN'S BUCK MOCCASIN, 10 in. top—

REGULAR **1.50** SPECIAL **1.15**

MEN'S HOCKEY BOOTS—

REGULAR **2.75** SPECIAL **2.00**

BOYS' HOCKEY BOOTS—

REGULAR **2.25** SPECIAL **1.50**

CHRISTIE GRANT CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA
AT YOUR SERVICE

HERE IS ONE GREAT BARGAIN

In our Fall and Winter Catalogue we listed Furette either in sets, or stole and muff separately. In normal years, when this option is given, there is always a surplus of muffs, because in most cases the wearer requires a stole, but a muff is regarded in the nature of a luxury, a pair of knitted gloves serving to keep the hands warm. Contrary to all calculations, we find we have something like 100—or to be absolutely accurate, 97 stoles—that we are going to offer at a fraction of their worth. The lot consists of good imitation of Astrachan, Persian Lamb, Beaver and Seal. These throws are parts of sets that sold from $5.50 to $7.50.

WOMEN'S FURETTE THROWS—

REGULAR **2.75** to **3.75** SPECIAL **.50**

$1.25 PETTICOAT FOR 75c

This is a mixed lot but everyone represents value—**Christie Grant** value. We have only 250 left.

The petticoats are made of silkoline that has all the appearance and all the rustle of real silk but four times its wear. We can afford to sell on a very narrow margin because our rent is low, our insurance is low and, although we pay our help good wages, our operating expenses are low as well.

The petticoats in the lot comprise **light and navy blue, cerise, green, pink and copenhagen,** but we reserve the right to supply any size in any color we have in stock.

Then again, there is a matter of 100 petticoats in odd sizes in **black only.** These, like the others, were priced at $1.25, but the lot we are offering at

WOMEN'S PETTICOATS—

REGULAR **1.25** SPECIAL **.89**

WOMEN'S NECKWEAR AT A FRACTION

Here are some lines of Women's Neckwear that are worthy of your attention. They are stylish and moderately priced.

PLEATED SHADOW LACE FRILLING—For yokes or sleeves; 2½ in. wide; 1½ yds. in a box. **Black, white or ecru.** Per box

REGULAR **.45** SPECIAL **.25**

LADIES' HANDKERCHIEFS — Trimmed with wide real Maltese lace. Each

REGULAR **.75** and **1.00** SPECIAL **.59**

MEN'S PLAIN JAPANESE SILK HANDKERCHIEFS — Hemstitched; splendid quality.

REGULAR **.25** Each 3 for SPECIAL **.55**

MEN'S HEAVY QUALITY JAPANESE SILK HANDKERCHIEF—With 1½ in. border and handsome hand embroidered initial.

REGULAR **.35** Each. 2 for SPECIAL **.50**

A CLEARANCE OF LADIES' FANCY NECKWEAR

ALL OR FANCY NECKWEAR up to 50 cents, including Jabots, Fichu effects, Sailor Collars, Stocks, etc.
Special for..... **.19**

ALL 60c. to $1.00 NECKWEAR, including Camisoles, Boudoir Caps, Fichu effects and Guimpes.

REGULAR **.60** to **1.00** SPECIAL **.49**

Put Your Name on the Coupon below for Free copy of

Wingold's Special Spring Sale Catalog

STARK'S Automatic Ball Bearing Washer

$9.95

Absolutely the Best and Highest Grade Swing Washing Machine Made

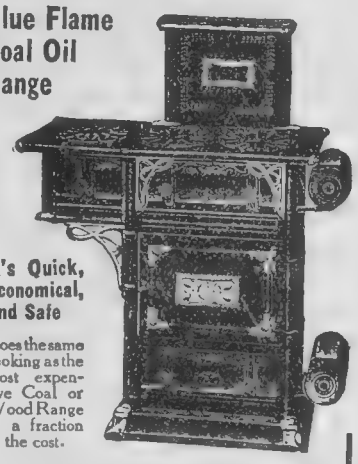
The tub swings on large steel ball bearings. These ball bearings carry all the weight, and are arranged in a steel cup so constructed that they cannot get out of place.

By grasping the handle and swinging it to one side, the coil tempered steel springs stop it and start it back the other way with a quick reverse motion, as the tub travels the other way another spring swings it back again.

At each swing of the tub the boiling water by centrifugal force and suction is forced through every thread and fibre of the clothes, cleaning them with three times the rapidity, and more thoroughly than any other way, and doing it with very little labor.

It's a Pleasure to bake with a WINGOLD

Blue Flame Coal Oil Range



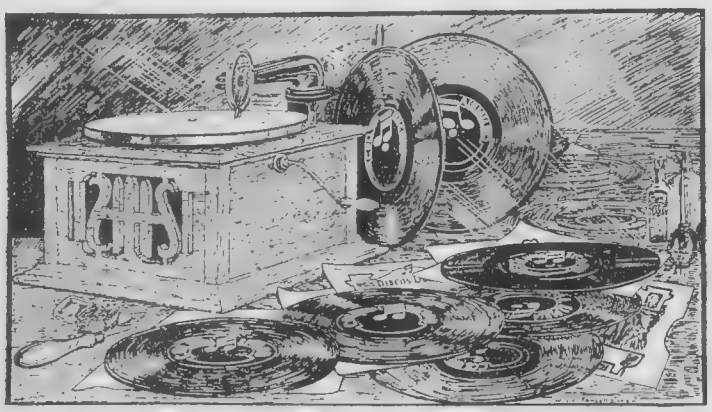
It's Quick, Economical, And Safe

Does the same cooking as the most expensive Coal or Wood Range at a fraction of the cost.

Burns Common Coal Oil without Wick, Smoke or Smell

CONSTRUCTION: Steel Cabinet Frame, Electric Welded Joints, Black Enamelled Finish. Cooking Top 17 x 37½ inches. Equipped with Three Powerful Burners. Oven Bakes Perfectly. Size 18½ x 11 x 12, fitted with Two Burners and Oven Thermometer. Shipping weight 125 lbs. Price complete **$22.75**

The Wingold Hornless Talking Machine



now within your easy reach on Credit.

$7 50 Cash puts this Instrument and Six Records in your Home

YOU NOW are able to enjoy what was previously considered a rich man's luxury and even more—you can buy this machine of us on the wonderful credit terms of a third cash and a dollar a week during this special sale. Don't miss this opportunity to get a most welcome article for your home, as you don't know what pleasure it brings until you really have it. The Wingold will play all Flat Disc Records equal to any $250.00 machine.

FREE RECORDS. With every order for a Wingold Talking Machine, we give absolutely free Six Double Disc Records. Send for Free List, select five—the sixth is a special record which we want you to have to show the possibilities of this wonderful instrument. Send us $7.50 cash with order and we will ship you the outfit, you to pay balance $1.00 weekly for sixteen weeks. Wingold Hornless Talking Machine, together with Six Free Records $23.50

This talking machine is the only item that varies from our regular cash terms. We reserve the right to withdraw this offer without notice.

THE WINGOLD CO., 181 Market St., Winnipeg:
Send me your Spring Sale Catalog

Name .....
Address .....

CABINET INCUBATORS

SEND TO-DAY FOR OUR BIG FREE CATALOGUE

You Want Big Hatches

Because this is going to be the most profitable year in the poultry business. Every chick counts for money. Dead chicks in the shell and weak scrouny chicks mean big losses. Don't take chances when you don't have to. **Cabinet Hot Water Incubators** with its pure moist, close-to-nature heat makes record hatches. No dead chicks in the shell, but big robust plump chicks which avoid all diseases and grow quickly into ready cash. A pleasure to raise this kind. Give your son or daughter one of these money making outfits, we'll teach them to run it profitably and back them up with all the latest information and detail which makes poultry raising successful. No matter where you live—on the farm, in a country town or on a small city lot—you can make money with an outfit. They'll enjoy the work and make for themselves a nice bank account the first season. Dozens of girls and boys are making money with our outfits. Send today for **big free catalogue.** It gives full details.

GUARANTEED FOR 15 YEARS

Address:
The BRETT MFG. CO. LTD.
594 Erin St.
WINNIPEG, Man.

POULTRY RAISING A SUCCESS

SOLD ON 30 DAY FREE TRIAL, 60 OR 90 DAYS IF DESIRED

A PATRIOTIC BUSINESS

A business that answers the patriotic appeal of a people's need is one that serves its country just as beneficially as a company of men on the firing line. One of our British poets says the man in the khaki cannot serve his country well unless the man at home will make the wheels of progress turn.

Present economic conditions have created an atmosphere of universal self-sacrifice. Women and children at this season of the year need warm winter clothing, and men who face a Canadian climate must be comfortably clad. One enjoys health and works efficiently if he is clothed properly. This has not been possible for a large part of our western population for two reasons. First—many homes in the west are so far from the city that they cannot take advantage of shopping; and, second—prices are so high that they cannot afford to buy.

At the present period every dollar counts, and one hesitates to spend it unless he realizes full value for his purchase.

It is not possible always for would-be purchasers to realize the enormous expense under which business firms work.

Several men of large experience in mail order houses made a careful study of western conditions, and realizing that Western Canada is the most promising country of the future, determined to establish a mail order house that would meet the needs of our western men and women—and boys and girls.

It was my privilege to visit the establishment last month, and having heard little but "hard times" and pessimistic complaints about business depression, it was like a dream trip to another planet to see before me as I entered a large establishment so rushed with business orders that a big working force is kept working night and day. At the employment office new help was being hired and everywhere busy men and young women worked in that whole-souled manner that suggests the satisfaction of accomplishment.

At one table six young women opened the mail as fast as they could work. This was in the middle of the afternoon, and the unopened morning mail was still piled high. When the manager told me that the firm received its first order on the fifth of August, the growth of the business impressed me as a marvelous accomplishment of wise business management.

It was a most interesting afternoon of instruction to pass through the different departments, and see the bunks piled high with garments and other goods.

Twenty-four packers at one long table did their work quickly and thoroughly, and rushed them off to the elevator. Throughout the entire establishment the slogan seemed to be service and satisfaction to the customers.

Three new departments had been added, and they were doing a rushing business. These were the drug, notions and dress goods departments.

The visitor is anxious to get at the secret of success in a busines so prosperous in hard times. In fact, I mentioned "hard times" to one member of the firm, and he looked at me with such a puzzled expression that I felt convinced that he did not understand the meaning of my remark.

"Well," I continued, "why don't you invite discouraged business men in—it would be a tonic to them—and it would be an act of patriotism on your part." Finally this is the explanation of their success. The Christie Grant Mailing House is one of the most systematic in its business arrangement of any on the continent. Every department impresses the visitor as a high type of excellence in efficiency, system and promptness Only experienced help is employed, and this adds marked dignity to the establishment.

The employer has the understanding to recognize ability in an applicant. All complex detail work so common in most establishments is simplified.

All this makes it possible for the Christie Grant Co. to offer a superior quality of goods cheaper to the customer.

They have recognized a need in Western Canada, and they are satisfying this need by giving values such as have not been given before.

People in the city cannot buy clothing as cheap as those in the country.

For example, a woman's nice serge suit in the late style is marked from $10.95 down to $3.95; a splendid stylish blanket coat at $11.95 is marked $3.95; a fashionable silk dress is marked from $8.95 to $2.95; another beauty is marked from $15.00 to $4.95.

Women's house dresses are marked at 29, 39 and 49 cents. One of the few told me that they had ordered two days before 150 dozen of these, and they had all been sent out.

A tailored grey flannel waist was marked at 25c., and underwear equally cheap.

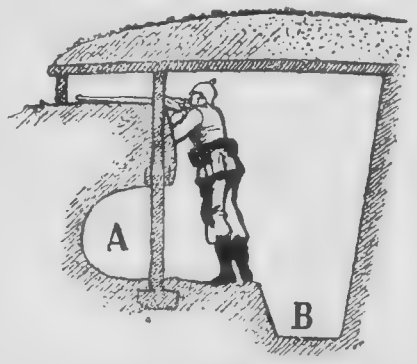
The children's clothing interested me. A child's warm bear cloth-coat was marked at $0.89; a wool plaid dress at $0.89.

The boot department and the department of men's clothing contains a stock as complete as that for women.

A man's suit for $5.95; mackinaw coats for $2.65; and a double-breasted overcoat of brown chinchilla for $6.50 to give one an idea of the remarkable values offered to the men in the West.

The Christie Grant Mail Order House answers the patriotic appeal of the time, because it serves a commercial need of our West; in a time of business depression it is a great establishment of business progress. The management and employees radiate an influence of business optimism and prosperity. A large market is created that makes it possible to employ a big staff of experienced young women who would otherwise be out of employment—this is a feature of social service work greatly important this winter, and, best of all, The Christie Grant Mail Order House is serving the rural population of Western Canada by bringing to them the best of merchandise at little cost to the customer.

This business firm is doing a big share in moving the wheels of progress in Western Canada.



A German Trench

The soldiers are protected against bullets and are out of sight. The men are able to sit down in space A. Every ten yards there is a side trench for protection against flanking movements by the enemy.

Advantages to Buyers

We frequently question Solomon's traditional proverb that there is "nothing new under the sun." A recent innovation dispels the verity of this maxim. We refer to the ingenious method adopted by Brandon's big seed House, A. E. McKenzie Company, Ltd., in their 1915 Catalog on Page 5.

Under the caption "Special Cash Discount" it is proposed to pive customers a special cash discount on orders submitted. The idea is quite original, and is but another demonstration how enterprise and skill can take even a table of cold bare Parcel Post Rates and turn it to the advantage of buyers.

The 1915 Catalog of McKenzie's is remarkable for its beauty and attractiveness. The covers are unusually handsome and masterfully designed. The color combinations are exquisite and artistically executed.

Throughout the book the engravings and descriptions depict the experienced hand of the seedsman who knows his trade and his subject.

The old-fashioned Seed Cover, with its conglomeration of colors, has been cast aside for an artistic design which will strike the fancy of all, and is quite in harmony with the high character of the McKenzie business.

As this is a year of economy when a dollar must do its full duty, it will pay our readers to careful survey and study this Catalog before buying their seeds. It is free upon request. We will be glad to have readers mention this paper when writing for it.

A Bohemian Excursion in the New North

Written for the Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne.

THE Peace River country has a corner in sunshine—one form of golden prodigality in which the armchair philosopher of the Pullman car or cabin-de-luxe has no share. It is reserved for the humble occupant of a keg of nails in the fo'c'sle of a scow-steamer to drink it in at every pore. Had it been any city but Edmonton, therefore, through which we passed en caravan along the first stage of the journey it would have been the general impression that we were a circus. The Queen City of the North, however, accustomed to any sight ranging from the mildly ludicrous to the glaringly grotesque, scarcely noted the canvas covered wagons which, carrying a party of eleven with three Peterborough canoes, five tents, several complete sets of fishing tackle and all the paraphernalia considered necessary to a months' gipsying, and, having "in lead" two auxiliary horses, lumbered out over the pavements one summer morning along the Athabasca trail to the open country beyond. We might even have passed—elsewhere—for a troupe of strolling players, for on strolling and playing we were bent, the chief difference between us and the bona fide variety consisting in the fact that our playing and our strolling did not synchronize.

By train one may cover the distance from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing in a few hours, but at that point the railway ceases and the hinterland in all its virgin charm and crudity, begins. One of the wagons, with the fine scorn of the near-to-nature nomad for unnecessary luxuries, made the journey between these points in three shifts and two days and a half spending our first night at a stopping place thirty miles north of Edmonton. The stopping place of the Northland—as yet it has no synonym—by any other name would have the same effect on the olfactory senses, but in justice it must be stated that some of these road houses or wayside inns are almost all that could be desired—all things considered—from the point of view of the most exacting. Clean beds and well cooked food we encountered more than once and the other occasions—well, at such times we reminded ourselves that the true Bohemian entertains a supreme contempt for anything more elaborate than a wooden bunk and a hand-to-mouth meal and the luck of "the road."

Reaching Athabasca Landing on the morning of the third day we travelled by steamer to Mirror Landing where our first guide took an affectionate leave of us in broken English and where we found our second and "permanent" one awaiting us on the dock. This fellow was a halfbreed Indian as the other had been, but with a name that sounded like a hopeless transposition of the entire alphabet. We agreed, after some deliberation, to allow him to keep his name intact and to call him Joe, which appellation delighted him vastly. At Mirror Landing we portrayed fifteen miles by caravan to Norris Landing on the Lesser Slave Lake. Whenever a stopping place was not available we partook of our own food from the supply wagon cooked over the camp fire, and under the stars we rested in the camp beds which we placed within the rough circle of wagons as a measure of caution against possible—and probable—wolves. However, no such marauders appeared in the flesh, though we heard distant howling several nights and Joe the guide officiated as night watchman. At Norris Landing, when we approached the small hostel about nightfall of the seventh day, the strains of a musical instrument fell upon the ear and with an almost uncanny sound. One of our party had been strumming on a mandolin but the new sounds were distinctly those of a piano, and as our cavalcade drew up before the hostel door we recognized the enticing air of the "Staircase Waltz" from the Count of Luxembourg. Having supped in the room at one side we stepped across the narrow hallway to the other and looked in upon the merry-makers. It was a picturesque scene, a leaf from Wister's "Virginian." Husky trappers and homesteaders who had gathered to take the early morning boat, were waltzing and "grapevining" with one another and squabbling good humoredly over the privilege of dancing with the four maidens, two white and two of dusky hue, who formed the feminine element of the throng. Joe proceeded at once to initiate the company into the intricacies of a new dance of which he was past master—being one of the all-year-round gallants of Mirror Landing—and the chief motions of which consisted of a shuffling of the feet, a polka-like "rush" and a kicking behind of one foot after the manner of a horse that is about to cast a shoe. We did not join the dancers, being content to watch Joe's antics, and our host having announced that all available bunk-space but sufficient for two was taken up, the rest of the evening was employed by the majority of the party in arranging outdoor beds on the small veranda and in seeking repose thereon.

The next morning witnessed an embarkation for Grouard which was as much of an event for the natives about Norris Landing as the launching of an ocean greyhound is to an easterner. Not usually did such a large party embark and we must have seemed like a huge order to the groups on the wharf side as horse after horse was coaxed up the gangway and the cumbersome wagons drawn up afterward, while the passengers filled the remaining deck space. The sun was dancing in a long shimmering ribbon upon the blue lake water as we steamed out upon a seventy-five mile voyage northwestward and as it rose higher over the eastern hills and showered a blaze of glory over us we felt "monarchs of all we surveyed" and envied no man his wealth in lucre. (There is a translucency or "headiness" in the air of this region which makes for high spirits.) On the dock at Grouard, after an uneventfully pleasant trip, we spied a motley company, awaiting the boat's arrival. There was no crowd as an easterner knows it, but almost every southern European nationality was represented, as well as Indians with their squaws. Three Canadians, one a journalist, greeted us enthusiastically. The spirit of the north had seized upon them and volubly they imparted information to us regarding the country, the route further West and the "prospects." The journalist, ridiculously radiant enjoying a holiday from business and a flood of "copy," in a sweater of indescribable hue and doubtful age, a pair of corduroys, prospector's boots, et al the regalia of a lord of the north joined our party at once and the following day we passed on along the trail to Peace River Landing seventy miles west and north and our destination for the time.

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Contains 1 lb. Mangel, 1 lb. Sugar Beet, 1 lb. Swede, ½ lb. Carrot, ½ lb. Kale and 4 lbs. Rape. 8 lbs. seed for $2.50 prepaid.

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in which we list all of the hardiest and best varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Fruits, Trees and Shrubs, Grasses, Fodders and Seed Potatoes.

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charm, second to none. The landscape unrolls before the eye in long vistas of unbroken jackpine, of clear open meadow land, of grassy hillsides and small lakes, of wooded slopes very like Ontario in its most "settled" portions; and at times one finds it difficult to believe that all is new and fresh from the hands of Nature. Just beyond that hill yonder one fancies there must surely be a thriving town. There are moments when the utter absence of life other than ourselves, strikes one keenly and we look eagerly for the trapper's shack or the lone homesteader's sod dwelling, the human role in this panorama of wild grandeur. The proprietor of our final stopping place, a German who could speak four languages, had given us directions for the best route to a splendid "pitch" and after an enjoyable dinner, cooked by his wife, a super chef, we travelled leisurely along the south shore of the Peace River and pitched our tents in a wooded valley that lay, cup-like among a sentinel circle of foothills. At this point the fishing was especially good and we had intended to rest from our journeying for several weeks in this delightful spot. But before one week was over the call of the wild had become so insistent again, that in council about the camp fire, with the restless murmuring of the Peace in our ears, one evening, we resolved to pull stakes and trek onward on the morrow, to follow the river's course until we had exhausted her wiles, for she is a very witch of a river, broad and sweeping, shimmering in the sunlight with a thousand subtle allurements, dancing, coaxing, beckoning, promising all things to those who understand her language and will follow where she leads.

Rapid

Visiting New York for the first time Uncle Henry happened to figure in an exciting runaway accident.

When he was finally rescued, his anxious nephew exclaimed:

"You must have been frightened half to death!"

"No, indeed," replied Uncle Henry. "To tell the truth, I hardly knew the difference. I've been travelling at a very pretty lively gait ever since I struck town."

End of the Trail

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Arthur C. Cummings.

Came One from the Elder Tribes—

"O Chief, your quest is vain,
"His bones must freeze by the White North Seas,
"Who joins the Oceans twain."

* * *

THE BOY had escaped and was glorying in his luck. When the bell clanged for going-in time at the little shingled school in the valley, he had lagged behind the others, and, when the coast was clear, had sped into the bush to his favorite haunt by the snow-fed creek which made a torturous descent over grey stones and down the mountain-side to the waters of Burrard Inlet below. He dropped on a bed of pine needles beside a clear, fern-fringed pool and stared into its brown depths. Through the fronds of a giant Douglas fir—a sapling before Drake had rounded the Horn—the June sun threw splashes of dancing light on the slow-circling water.

It was very quiet and restful here and the Boy luxuriated. From his pine-bed he could see the white sails of the little racing cutters making a long slant on their course round the Bay, and could hear faintly the "chug-chug" of the motor-boats following them as they raced.

"Gee," said the Boy with deep satisfaction, "this is better than stopping in school and sweating over Champlain's arrival or Mackenzie's trip to the Pacific. Why they want us to learn that sort of thing beats me."

After watching a gull planing lazily overhead in the warm air, he turned and looked into the pool again, seeking the whereabouts of the trout he knew were concealed beneath the shadows of the boulders.

He stared long and earnestly, watching the flickers of light where the sun touched the rippling water as it swirled slowly in the pool. But no sign of trout was visible to his utmost gazing.

The pad-pad of a mocassined foot behind him made him turn sharply to see a tall Indian, dressed in a sea-otter skin with spear, agate-headed arrow, head feathers and paint—just as he had seen them imitated by white men at fancy-dress balls in the city. He was standing on a nearby rock and looking intently out over the waters of the bay. It could not be a Siwash, for the Boy knew that the Coast Indians had long ago abandoned paint and feathers and had taken to living in houses just as white people did.

Noiselessly he sat up and looked seaward following the Indian's keen gaze. The sailing-cutters and motorboats had vanished. Instead, two large rowboats, one rigged like a yawl, were toiling slowly into the Inlet against the rip of the tide. With a grunt of satisfaction the Red man stepped down from the rock and disappeared into the burnt undergrowth.

Curiously excited, the Boy slipped along after him, and by the bright feathers in his head-dress trailed him to a clearing farther down the mountain-side. He knew the clearing well; he had heard one of the school trustees say they would soon have to build a new school there, but that afternoon it had somehow altered and giant firs hedged it where he had known but blackened stumps.

The Indian picked up a small bone-handled tomahawk and cleared away some underbrush revealing an arbor of young cypress where three or four war-canoes hung from tree to tree, sagging on their ropes of creeper as if they contained something heavy. This done, he sat down and waited. The Boy with the feeling of excitement on him growing every moment, slipped behind a fallen fir through a crotch of which he could secure a full view without himself being seen.

Hardly had he hidden when into the clearing from the shoreward end came a man in a brass-buttoned blue suit with old-fashioned three cornered hat and bright shoe-buckles that flashed in the sun-like ripples on a trout-pool. His appearance reminded the Boy of some picture in his school books but he searched his mind in vain for it. The man was alone but the Boy could see through an opening in the clearing the launch and yawl that had entered the Inlet. Aboard them resting on their oars were a number of red-capped pig-tailed sailors.

The man in the blue suit advanced quickly into the clearing and came close beside the Indian before the latter showed consciousness of his presence. The short arched eyebrows of the visitor and his double chin caught the Boy's eye with a strange sense of familiarity. At the greeting "Clah-how-yah" the Indian lowered his spear in welcome.

To his surprise the Boy found he could follow what was said although the language used was the Nootka tongue, the lingua franca of the Pacific coast tribes of a hundred years ago.

FLOUR

"GRAIN GROWERS' SPECIAL" — Co-operate with your neighbors, and buy your Flour in carload quantities at mill prices. We supply Bran, Shorts, and Cereals with all Flour orders.

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And now you may sit right by your own fireside, glance through the pages of the newly-issued Farm Supply Catalogue of your own Co-Operative enterprise— The GGG Co. Ltd —and choose almost any important need for the farm. You can do this with absolute certainty that the value you receive will be as good as expert management and extensive buying power can obtain. The items below are merely timely hints from a long list given as examples to show what the worth of such a source of supply may be to you.

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Address all correspondence and orders to THE GRAIN GROWERS' GRAIN COMPANY, WINNIPEG.

LUMBER

NOW IS THE TIME TO FIGURE ON NEXT SUMMER'S NEEDS

With the idea of making our Lumber Department of as much service to our patrons as possible, we have prepared a large number of plans of houses, barns, and other farm buildings suitable for Western conditions. These, together with the assistance of our experienced architects, will be at the service of our customers absolutely without charge. We can supply you with first-grade lumber, Corrugated Roofing and Siding, and all other building materials at the lowest possible prices. Our new catalogue alone contains a number of suggestions from which you can select a plan that suits you, and get our figures on the cost of all the material delivered at your station.

BINDER TWINE

It may seem early to be talking about Binder Twine. We only want, however, to advise you that we have again contracted for a considerable quantity of the "Blue Bell" twine from Belfast, Ireland, which gave such general satisfaction last year. Many of our customers were unable to get as much of this Twine last year as they required. Place your order early, and you will not be disappointed. Prices will be announced in due course, and are guaranteed to be right.

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are revolutionizing the greatest industry in the world. Yes! Farming in Western Canada is a great industry, and is made easy by the aid of the "Grain Growers' Special" one-man outfit. Price complete with plow, F.O.B. Winnipeg, $975.00.
Write for further particulars.

OUR 1915 CATALOGUE

Our first Catalogue of Farm Supplies will be ready for mailing early in the New Year. This catalogue contains prices and particulars of our complete line of Farm Machinery, Coal, Lumber, Fence Wire, Fence Posts, Binder Twine, Builders' Supplies, and other commodities on which we can give you unbeatable values. If you desire a copy merely drop us a card.

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The Grain Growers' Grain Co., Ltd.

WINNIPEG CALGARY FORT WILLIAM NEW WESTMINSTER

"They told me at Nootka," said the Indian, "that Captain Vancouver, a Tyee from the other side of the world would come to dispute with the Spanish Tyee who now rules in these lands the chieftainship of the whole coast. And my people, not knowing what may befall, are afraid; so that I have come hither to know the rights of this matter."

"Have no fear as to that, Chief," said the man of the flashing shoe-buckles reassuringly. "We come in peace—to trade and to hunt, to take that which is ours by land and sea. Have no fear for neither you nor your people shall suffer aught at our hands."

"That is well," returned the Indian gravely, "Yet my watchers on the headlands have seen your great war-canoes spread and fold their white gull-wings in the creeks and inlets along these shores, and have seen the lightnings flash from their sides. Not only to hunt and fish and to dispute at Nootka with the Spaniard have you come!"

"The Lynx-that-sees-in-the-dark should be your name," said the white man with a smile that lit up his youthful face. "True not only to fish and hunt have we come here."

He settled himself more comfortable on the grassy bank and went on.

"When one in your tribe, Chief, finds an easier trail to the fat hunting-grounds does not the tribe hold him in honor? So is it with me. I come from the other side of the world seeking an easier trail for my people. For if my people find no new hunting-grounds they perish. So across weary leagues of the Great Waters have I come questing a North-west trail over the ocean to my home again. Such is my search and perhaps in your land some there be who can aid me in my desire?"

"I know of none," returned the other, slowly. "But this I know; that long before I became Chief of the Mowitcha my people dwelt among the deep snows of the far Northland; and when the Sun-spirit rose from his winter sleep, we put forth on the Great Waters to secure the seals that called from the ice-mountains. But one day the seals departed and the people died in the darkness, for there was no more food. Then our Medicine-men declaring that the Spirits of the Frost and Snow had cursed the land, took the Canoes of the Dead—the bodies of the great Chiefs who had ruled over our tribe—and we came southward across rivers and mountains unto the Great Waters again. Here we have stayed and prospered."

"Then de Fuca was wrong as I suspected and the Straits of Anian do not exist," muttered the sailor to himself but not so low that the Boy could not hear.

There was silence as the Indian ceased and the Boy, thrilling from head to foot, looked through his peep-hole into the yellow-grey eyes of the white man. Disappointment was written there but a notable courage lit up the fresh-complexioned face.

The Chief rose and stepped backward, bringing the slung canoes into full view.

"And that I have not lied in what I have said, White Chief, here is the proof. This is the burying-place of our Great Ones and in their presence have I spoken."

He lifted the skin-covering of the nearest canoe and the white man approached and with head uncovered, looked in long and reverently.

"Last night," resumed the Chief, letting the covering fall, "as I watched here, the Spirits of our Chiefs came and spoke to me. They told me of your quest and of its outcome."

His voice rose. "They told me that you would never find the trail you seek. Another, even now a youth in your own land, shall find and not you; but in the finding he shall give his life and years shall pass before what he has done shall be known."

He went on more slowly as if striving to recall something. "Yet there is much honor laid up for you; city and island shall be named after you and when the Spaniard has gone from these lands, thousands of your people shall follow after to possess them."

"Be it so," said the sailor, "if the Great Spirit of All shall order it."

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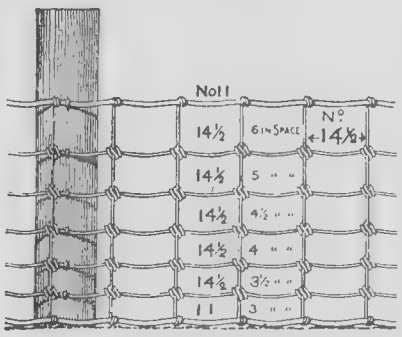

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506 McArthur Bldg. ***WINNIPEG***

In the silence that fell again the Boy found himself wondering how it was that the sun-dappled leaves of a yew-tree across the clearing should so resemble the ripples on a trout-pool.

"And of your people, Chief. Did they say aught of them?" questioned the white man at last looking up. His habitual air of cheerfulness had returned to him.

"That also I asked despite my fear; but hardly had I spoken when there was a wailing as of our women after battle and I was alone; and the Canoes of the Dead were swinging softly in the night-breeze under the moon..."

With a sound like a wail in his ears the Boy sat up and stared confusedly. The June sun had dropped behind the mountains and his brother on the other side of the creek was calling him with hand to mouth to make the sound carry over the soft meaning of the creek.

"Say, sleepyhead, I've been looking for you all evening. You'll be late for supper and then won't you catch it!"

Success in Keeping At It

We all remember the story of the man who was asked why he, with no greater talents than many others, had prospered so well in his business, and who replied, "My success is due to my keeping everlastingly at it."

The romance of perseverance is the most fascinating subject in history. The story of those who have had the genius of persistency, even though mediocre in ability, reads like the story of the "Arabian Nights." Give us the man who can hold on when others let go; who stiffens up when others weaken; who knows no such word as "give up," and we will show you a man who will, in the end, win, no matter what obstacles he has to face.

Twenty-seven attacks of fever, innumerable assaults from savages, the lonely journeys in the jungle, which brought Livingstone many a time to the verge of the grave, and reduced the brave traveller to a skeleton, never in the least degree affected his dogged determination. When his men positively refused to accompany him further, and threatened to leave him in the desert, he said: "After refusing all my powers of persuasion, I declared that, if they then returned, I should go on alone; and, returning to my little tent, I lifted up my heart to Him who hears the sighing of the soul. Presently the head man came in. 'Do not be disheartened,' he said, 'we will never leave you. Wherever you lead we will follow. Our remarks were only made on account of the injustice of these people."

Royal Kindliness

A lady who is now very old spent some days, sixty years ago, with Lady Morgan, the brilliant Irish novelist, and heard from her lips a little anecdote of Queen Victoria. The young queen, who had just ascended the throne was at a ball given by the Duchess of Gloucester.

When her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, was leaving the room, she ran after him, saying aloud, "Will you not give me a kiss before you go?" and then whispered in his ear, "You have forgotten to wish mamma good-night."

A royal reproof was perhaps never so exquisitively given, and it is pleasant to fancy that some of Her Majesty's kindliness came by direct descent from that grandmother, Queen Charlotte, who shared the throne with George III.

When the Duchess of Portland died her devoted friend, Mrs. Delany, was at her bedside, and before she left, the Duke begged her to choose some remembrance of his mother. Mrs. Delany selected a bird that the duchess had especially valued. The shock of her bereavement resulted in a short illness for the old lady, and during that illness the bird died. Queen Charlotte had one of the same sort which she loved extremely. With her own hands she brought it while Mrs. Delany slept and put it into the empty cage, with orders that no hint should be dropped of the exchange.

Lady Morgan, after telling the story of Queen Victoria, commented:

"What a pity to make so generous a creature a queen!"

Bishop Phillips Brooks had particular thoughtfulness and consideration for the humbler classes. Many anecdotes illustrate the unvarying sympathy and kindness which Bishop Phillips Brooks showed to all humanity.

At one time a working man was told at a hospital that unless he would consent to undergo a dangerous surgical operation his life would probably pay the forfeit. The evening before the operation was to be performed the man and his wife went to see Bishop Phillips Brooks, whom neither of them knew, and were received by him as kindly as they had expected. He talked soothingly to them and promised to be with them the following day at the hospital, and he kept his word.

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Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly. $1.00 for one year, $2.00 for three years.

The Thanksgiving Cross

Written for The Western Home Monthly by J. D. A. Evans, Crystal City, Man.

Morrison said a large wooden cross stood on Red River's bank in close proximity to a creek in the district of that stream's estuary into Lake Winnipeg. The monument was, in accordance with Morrison's statement, standing until an early year of the sixties. Then the cross mysteriously disappeared.

* * *

The home of Morrison was located on the Red River, a few miles northward of the town at which in these years steamers plying to and from the waters of Lake Winnipeg are observable. He was sitting in the kitchen; a blustering night toward the latter end of October. From the appearance of the old man, it is possible his mind was harking back to years of the long ago, days when stirring times formed prominent feature of the Manitoba prairie land. The evening of Thanksgiving Day; his sole companion, a great grandchild; others of his household, two sons, to both of whom the three score years and ten were not distant, a daughter had gone to a dance at McCorquodale's.

Days when Indian and trapper squatted around the huge stove in the Post at Fort Garry, and related their prowess in the bison chase, or talked of recent journey made by them from the fastness of the northland, when tongue of husky dog gave sound as he scampered along the trail through old St. John's parish.

There are people living to-day to whom this story has been related; likewise they who have seen the cross. Until within a few years ago, a Reserve of the Indian population was located in this neighborhood, and much of early Provincial history has transpired therein. Cora, the great grandchild of Morrison was keeping him company; a bright eyed youngster of eight summers. Mrs. Morrison had left the day previous for the Lower Fort; presumably the boisterous weather was detaining her in that locality, or at Mapleton.

"Granddaddy, please tell me a story," asked the child. "What was that you were talking about to Grandmama the other night, something about a cross you said used to stand near the Netley marshes?"

"Cora," said he, "isn't this Thanksgiving night, and the folks gone over to McCorquodale's? Of course, of course, it is, my memory isn't so good as it was; Thanksgiving Day was held in the old times after what little crop there was had been taken in. A dance at some neighbor's, and McFetridge from the Rapids would play the fiddle, all kinds of jigs for them to dance."

"Tell me, granddaddy, about that cross," persisted the child; "did you put it there?"

Shortly afterward, Morrison commenced to tell the child the story.

* * *

Many years ago, he had been married just over a twelvemonth, this event, if the old man's memory wasn't at fault, occurred in 1837, a few weeks after a baby girl, Cora's grandmother, arrived to cheer the life of this lonely home on the river bank. Few people were in those years resident within that neighborhood; many Indians, however, lived on the Reserve. These were on most friendly terms with Morrison; oftentimes they would stop at the house for a meal. Manitoba was a lone land in those days; a log building known as the Trading place was established a few miles down the river, at or in the vicinity of the present town of West Selkirk. A few white folk dwelt along the stream, some at Mapleton, the Rapids, Middlechurch and Kildonan. The crop of the Colony was gathered in; a number of settlers were assembled at McRory's for a dance preceded by a Thanksgiving dinner, the principal items of the bill of fare consisting of buffalo meat and whitefish from the Lake. Cora's grandmother, Morrison's daughter, was taken there, a little baby girl, who when the strains of McFetridge's violin announced the dancing, was taken upstairs and placed in an old cradle. Shortly before midnight, a loud knock was heard at the door; every person in the room turned around to see who the new comers were. For some days past, rumour had spoken of trouble on the Reserve, the sequence of a visit attributable to a band of Neches, who were reported to be endeavoring to raise a disturbance over some horses brought from their Reservation in the United States for a "give away" dance, a kind of festival when Indians were accustomed to make presents to others they were visiting. The door was opened by McRory himself; several Indians walked into the room, eight of such Morrison was of opinion constituted the number. The Neches from the river Reserve were well known to them; no person was, however, acquainted with the arrivals who had regaled themselves with "war paint," feathers and similar adornment, and from every appearance were a villainous band.

"There's trouble coming, look out!" said someone in the room. Then McRory asked the Indians what they wanted. Those were the last words ever uttered by him, at that moment one of the Indians struck him on the head with a small axe. Trouble had commenced; a Neche, he was a huge man, made a plunge with a long knife. Morrison dodged around the store, and seized an old musket on the wall to defend himself. The women folk had been pushed out of the room when McRory was struck to the floor; they were down at the bank of the river. A desperate encounter was in progress within the house; two of the Indians endeavoured to mount the stairs for the purpose of stealing anything they could lay hands upon. Morrison and his son, Cora's grandfather, went up after these men, and walked into the room at the moment one of the wretches was lifting the baby out of the cradle. The other Indian struck Morrison who attempted to take the child from the heartless thief; then, both the robbers ran downstairs, at the bottom of which a man, known as Richard Ross, he lived near the Old Fort, jumped at the Indian carrying the baby, but a knife in the hand of this ruffian was thrust into Ross' breast; he sank to the floor. At this diabolical deed McFetridge sprang across the room; he wrested the child from the Indian's grasp, a noble action costing his life. The other Neches ran out of the house when the two scoundrels went upstairs; several of the dancing party rushed outside to protect the women who were not molested. In later years, it was considered from certain circumstances that the murder of McRory was never intended; the visit of the Indians was, it transpired, made for the purpose of theft, a claim attested by the fact that six of the party scurried off speedily, possessing presumably no desire to be associated with the slaying of innocent white men. The murderous Indians in the house were killed; in the midnight hour of that Thanksgiving night, their bodies were taken out in a canoe, and thrust into the centre of the river with stones attached to the necks. McFetridge died a short while before daylight; Ross and McRory had been killed almost instantaneously. The next day, these brave men were buried on the bank of a creek, a few miles distant from the entrance of Red River into Lake Winnipeg. This was not, however, the final ending of the affair; upon that evening, Morrison's house was deliberately burned down by Indians noticed coming from the place by a passing pedlar, a deed presumably committed to avenge the death of the two Indians, one of whom it was claimed had been killed by him. At Christmas of that year, a large wooden cross was erected to mark the burial place of McFetridge and the other two victims of the tragedy. For many years this monument was standing; it remained at the creek; Morrison could not be certain of the date, but from other circumstances he thought until about 1862. Then the cross mysteriously disappeared, and within the confines of an unmarked grave sleep they who sacrificed their lives in years gone by, when from Indian's belt dangled scalp of white man, and birchbark canoe traversed the river whereon steam craft ply on their journey to the northland.

The Problem of the Unemployed

Written for Western Home Monthly by W. A. McIntyre, LL.D.

RECENTLY in the city of Winnipeg there were opened registration booths for unemployed men. In two days about eight thousand names were enrolled. One-half of the men were married; many of them were in straightened circumstances; comparatively few had enough for self-support during the winter.

The purpose of the registration was not to reveal hardship and suffering, for everybody knew there was enough of that, not only in Winnipeg, but the world over It is probable that conditions in Winnipeg are as favorable as in any other Canadian city, and if reports are to be trusted Canada as a whole is feeling the war depression perhaps less than any other country. The registration was a serious attempt to find the extent and causes of non-employment and the facts with regard to distress and suffering, so that in the wisest way, help might be rendered to the most deserving. It is clear that the best way of helping those out of employment is to find something for them to do. There is all the difference in the world to a self-respecting man between receiving a dollar in return for work done and receiving a dollar as charity.

A Farewell Social by Young People of Gladstone to Members of 1st Contingent

Among the causes of non-employment the following are given as typical: (1) In from the country—nothing doing there in winter time; (2) Let out of a position in store, factory, or office, because there was nothing to do; (3) Not a trained workman, and therefore the first to go. Among the reasons not given by those registering were the following: (1) Not to be trusted; (2) Useless; (3) Above the job offered. These reasons selected from many, suggest that no single cause will account for all cases of non-employment and hint that a remedy will not be found in any simple action on the part of a government, a council, a charity commission or an individual. It is a case in which all the strong must help all the weak. The meaning of the word family must be extended so that it covers not only all those under one roof but all those in a community, city, province or nation.

Consider first of all those who have come to the city from rural districts and who by this time have exhausted their resources. Many of these on reaching the city a short time ago were comparatively well-off. By careful management they might have pulled through the winter. But idleness is always a temptation to prodigality. The saloon, the picture show, the theatre, and other attractions—some of them elevating and others debasing—were all operative, and in a short time the hard-earned savings of a summer disappeared. So the city has now to face the problem not merely of men out of work, but in many cases of men, facing starvation. Clearly the citizens of Winnipeg alone should not be held responsible for finding work, food, clothing and shelter for a small army of men who in reality do not belong to the city and yet the men should not starve. Something should be done by somebody as quickly as possible to provide employment, to prevent waste, to relieve distress. And because this crowding into the city is a thing of yearly occurrence, something more than a present solution must be offered. Who knows but that next year conditions will be aggravated?

The following suggestions have been made and they are worthy of consideration (1) It is said that most of the workers in the country could remain there with profit to themselves and the community if the municipalities would interest themselves in the matter. (2) It is suggested that a timber limit be secured by the city and that men be given work in cutting wood which afterward could be sold to poor families at cost price. This is a form of municipal enterprise which has much to commend it, and it is a duty of the council of Winnipeg to give it consideration. Perhaps there are other forms of work that could be undertaken in the same way. (3) The province might well co-operate with the city in work of this kind. These unemployed are wards of the province rather than of the city. (4) It is urged that one of the greatest factors in working out a solution, is providing against needless waste on the part of the unemployed. The early closing of the saloons is a step in the right direction. In a few years more we may become as enlightened as Russia, and close the saloons altogether. To sum up the question: Insofar as the unemployed from the country are concerned there is a duty resting upon both country, city and province, and this is the duty of providing work and removing temptation to extravagance and waste. The duty of educating men to economize is incumbent upon all. The home, the school, the church and above all the state may continually preach and practise this much needed doctrine.

Consider now those who were thrown out of employment in stores, offices and factories. It is not surprising that the number is very great. At first all classes felt the effects of the war—all excepting perhaps those who produced the raw materials of food and clothing, and those concerned with the manufacture of war supplies. Most branches of manufacture felt the strain; but those who suffered most were the middlemen, the day laborers, and those directly or indirectly connected with speculative undertakings. In many cases employers have been more than fair to their helpers. Some are actually carrying on business at a loss, but take the ground that for the time it is fairer for them to lose part of their savings than for their trusted workers to lose everything. Of course there are a few miserable exceptions but these may be ignored. The problem is to find a way of assisting the unfortunates. Among the suggestions of value are the following: (1) It has been proposed that the working hours and the salary of each employee be reduced 20, 40 or 50 per cent, according to the needs of the case, and that no one be turned away altogether. Where this plan has been put in operation there has been much satisfaction to everybody. (2) It has been proposed that the city and the province undertake as much work as possible, but this appears to be a fruitless suggestion, for few men from the offices and factories would be of use, and the season is not favorable for building or

Miller's Worm Powders being in demand everywhere, can be got at any chemist's or drug shop, at a very small cost. They are a standard remedy for worm troubles and can be fully relied upon to expel worms from the system and abate the sufferings that worms cause. There are many mothers that rejoice that they found available so effective a remedy for the relief of their children.

What is an Internal Bath?

By R. W. BEAL

Much has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable but preventible through the consistent practice of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body, and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed, and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of multitudes of individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No other book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker and the housewife. All that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 225, 280 College St., Toronto, and mention having read this article in The Western Home Monthly, and book will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the oportunity for learning more about the subject, and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but **send for the book now**, while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information which is free for the asking. If you would be natural, be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?

carrying on other public works. (3) There is something in a suggestion that has more far-reaching effects than either of those already made. It is clear that there are too many engaged in the work of distribution. More young people must be induced to enter the rank of producers. The West needs farmers and competent tradesmen. We have not preserved a proper balance. It is dangerous to trust to the law of supply and demand. There are many to-day who realize that as distributors of commodities they are not needed in the world, but who are unable at this stage in life to enter the rank of producers. We must begin now to plan for ten years hence. That if you please, is one explanation of the new technical high schools in both city and country.

Consider in the third place those who have lost their positions because they were the least competent for their work. Of course there must always be a least competent person, even if all are trained, and so anything that is said here cannot be a general solution. Is it not clearly evident that every young man should aim to be an expert in his own calling? If in a shop one cannot learn to be a machinist, he must go to a school of some kind where he can get the instruction he needs. It should be a first principle with young Canadians to make themselves masters in the various trades. Employees who are patriotic must not be satisfied to get good workmen from older lands. They should see to it that the native-born are fitted to lead. Otherwise as Canadians they will be building up a country to hand it over to the foreign-born. There are some who say the foreign-born are in control now. In Boston, the printers have a fine school for their apprentices. Why should not every great calling in a city like Winnipeg have just such a school? In some branches of work a boy will learn more of his calling at a school in six months than he will in a large shop in four years. He gets instruction as well as practice. In Milwaukee in the large machine shops the boys are given a portion of each week, for classes in shop mathematics with the result that they have greatly improved as workers. No great manufacturer there would be without his shop school. If it pays the employer now, how much will it pay the young men in the years to come?

It is needless to remark on the other causes of non-employment. There are lazy people. There are useless people, although we are not so deeply concerned over these. Our hearts must go out in a particular way to those who seek work and who can find none. To these we must extend the helping hand. But for the accident of early settlement, wise action of parents, or something of the kind we might have been more unfortunate than any of those we pity.

And while we think of the men we shall do well to remember that there is even a greater problem in the young women who are now out of work. Just now for a few weeks there is a little to do. Even in a calamitous year Christmas means a revival of trade. But what of the months to follow? And what of the young ladies out of employment?

The West

Have you known the charm of the prairie land,
The land of the golden grain,
Where the homes of contented farmers stand
Scattered far o'er the boundless plain?
Do you know this land where Fortune smiles,
This country so rich and fair,
Have you followed the lure of its countless miles,
And breathed its pure bracing air?

Have you lived on the prairie in the spring,
When the snow has left the plains,
When on every bush the song birds sing
In glad and joyous strains?
Then a bluish light hangs on a thousand hills,
Where blooms the anemone frail,
And the water hurries in countless rills,
Down the banks of each grassy vale.

Have you ever lived in the prairie land,
In the beautiful summer days,
When Earth is revealing on every hand,
The wisdom of Nature's ways?
Then the fields are decked in living green,
And the prairies are starred with flowers;
And over all rests a calm serene,
In that land of sun and showers.

Have you felt the joy that Autumn yields,
In the time of the harvest sun?
Then far and near the fertile fields,
Gleam golden every one.
'Tis then that wheat is truly king,
And the land yields its rich increase;
The triumphs of war let others sing,
But this is the victory of peace.

Have you known the life of the prairie land,
When Boreas reigns supreme;
When Winter holds all in his icy hand,
And the darting frost lights gleam?
Then the land is a sea of glittering white,
And the snow like billows tossed;
And the night sky glows with the northern lights,
And the snow gems sparkle with frost.

Have you felt the lure of the glorious West?
Does it hold you in its thrall?
Then you will come at your own behest
To the land that welcomes all.
Here you will gladly perform your task,
In this country so wide and free,
Her riches are freely yours to ask;
Her greatness is yet to be.

"You can't judge by appearances." "What are you getting at now?" "Because a man tips the waiter is no sign that he would rock the boat."

No man or woman should hobble painfully about because of corns when so certain a relief is at hand as Holloway's Corn Cure.

Four Days

'Twas but the day before yesterday,
O Canada fair and free,
That unknown to the world in peace you lay,
In the misty light of the dawning day,
The day that was to be.
Your swindswept prairies stretched far and wide,
Your rivers untrammeled ran,
And your minerals lay in the mountain's side,
Secure from the hand of man

And it was only yesterday,
O land of the woods and wheat,
That your pioneers blazed out their way,
With the toil and sweat of the bloodless fray
When men and Nature meet.
Then the Anglo-Saxon branches three,
And the swarthing and daring Gaul,
Came hurrying westward over the sea
To the land that welcomed all.

Now what does the present day reveal,
O bountiful northern land?
Your prairies are measured with lines of steel,
And the marks of Civilization's wheel,
Appear on your farthest strand.
The wheat grows tall on your fertile loams,
Your furnace fires glow red;
On your plains do the homeless of Earth find homes,
From your mills is an empire fed.

But what has the future day in store,
O country of our delight?
Will you die as nations have died before?
Or will you develop more and more,
Along lines that are true and right?
Will you keep of the old what has proven best,
And choose but the good from the new?
In the time of trial will you stand the test?
The answer remains for you.

Piano and Player Piano Bargains

This unusual list of fine Pianos consists almost entirely of modern upright Pianos, that we have taken in part payment for Gourlay Angelus and Gerhard-Heintzman Player Pianos.

Nearly all of them were priced originally from $400 to $500 and few have had more than merely casual use. This sale, therefore, is your opportunity to buy a fine Piano at about half price. Freight paid to any place in Western Canada.

Pianos under $200—$10 cash, $6 and $7 monthly.
Pianos over $200—$10 cash, $8 monthly.
Player Pianos—$25 cash, $12.50 and $15 monthly. Half yearly or yearly payments can be arranged.
Your choice of over a dozen Organs at from $20 to $60 on terms of $3 and $4 a month.

GUARANTEE
Every Piano fully guaranteed from five to ten years.

STEINWAY PIANO—Square design, in Rosewood case, ivory and ebony keys, etc. In perfectly good order. Special Price $145

HEINTZMAN & CO.—A 7 1-3 octave Cabinet Grand Upright Piano by Heintzmann & Co., in dark mahogany finished case, with plain, polished panels, double folding fall board, full overstrung trichord scale, double repeating action. Special price $243

MORRIS—A 7 1-3 octave Cabinet Grand Upright Piano, in rich mahogany case of attractive design, with full length plain panels, Boston fall board, third or sustaining pedal, finest double repeating action, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Has been used less than a year. Special Sale Price $197

MASON & RISCH—A 7 1-3 octave Upright Piano, in handsome burl walnut case, with full length panels, and music desk, Boston fall board, ivory and ebony keys, etc. In the best of order, a good sweet toned piano. Sale Price $245

STERLING—An attractive small Upright Piano, in dark mahogany case of simple, though artistic design. Has full length plain panels, 3 pedals with practice muffler, double repeating action. Special Price $112

HOFFMAN—A 7 1-3 octave Cabinet Grand Upright Piano, in mahogany case, with ivory and ebony keys, etc. In first class order. Special Price.. $198

MENDELSSOHN—A 7 1-3 octave Upright Piano by the Mendelssohn Piano Co. in richly figured walnut case, with full length carved panels and Boston fall board, 3 pedals, practice muffler, ivory and ebony keys. In use only six months. Special Price $168

SHERLOCK MANNING—A handsome walnut Upright Piano, in case of modern design with full length music desk, Boston fall board, 3 pedals, practice muffler, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Cannot be told from new. Special Price $238

BELL—A 7 1-3 octave Upright Piano by the Bell Piano Co., Guelph, in handsome walnut case, full length music desk, carved panels, 3 pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Is in first class order, and looks just like new. Special Price $235

HAINES—A 7 1-3 octave Cabinet Grand Upright Piano, by the celebrated Haines Piano Co., in walnut case, with plain polished front, double folding fall board, double repeating action, ivory and ebony keys. A handsome instrument. Cannot be told from new, only $267

GERHARD HEINTZMAN—A full sized Cabinet Grand Upright Piano by the Gerhard Heintzman Co., Toronto, in dark mahogany case of Colonial design, Boston fall board, 3 pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Special Sale Price $325

GERHARD HEINTZMAN—A fine New-Grand-Scale Gerhard Heintzman Piano, in exceptionally rich walnut case, of simple Colonial design, with full length plain polished panels, Boston fall board, 3 pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. If you were to pay us $1,000 we could not make you a finer Piano than this instrument, the extra money would have to be upon case ornamentation. Special Sale Price $340

PLAYER PIANOS

PLAYER PIANO—By celebrated American maker, full 88 note scale, latest improvements. For $495

AUTO PLAYER, $850—Manufactured by the famous Autopiano Co., mahogany case, Ionic design $500

PRIMATONE PLAYER, $750—Full 88 note scale, all improvements, including automatic tracker, solodant attachment and tempograph levers. Only a few months in use $525

ANGELUS PLAYER—Full 88 note scale, beautiful mahogany case. Almost new $685

WINNIPEG PIANO CO. **333 Portage Avenue, WINNIPEG**

The Young Man and His Problem

PERSONAL INFLUENCE

Every man has an influence as broad as his circle of acquaintance, and influence is immortal. It goes on from decade to decade and from generation to generation. Who can measure the influence of Florence Nightingale or Frances E. Williard, or a host of others. "How is it I cannot get a glass of liquor anywhere in this wretched village of yours? 'My lord, something over a hundred years ago a man named John Wesley came to these parts.' "

* * *

DIVORCE

The saddest word ever written over the doorway of a home is that black word: DIVORCE. Macaulay, sitting in the House of Commons, at a great crisis in English history, even such a crisis as the trial of Warren Hastings, exclaimed afterward in describing the scene: "It was like seeing Ceasar stabbed in the senate chamber. If I live fifty years it will be impossible to blot out the impression." A divorce is not a sudden affair, but the end of a long struggle of unutterable woe, but the record of it is sometimes told in a few brief pregnant sentences as when John Wesley wrote in his journal those words concerning his cruel companion who had suddenly turned her back upon him forever: "I did not desert her. I did not send her away. I will not recall her."

* * *

FAITH IN HUMANITY

You will never succeed in any popular sense unless you believe in men. Humanity at the centre and core is good. The meanest man who ever lived had in him a spark of the divine essence. Oh, that we could discover the good in men and cultivate it. An exchange remarks: "A pathetic scene was witnessed in a western city the other day. A wretched criminal in the penitentiary was condemned to die. He was to be executed at midnight on a certain date in March. In the afternoon preceding this important midnight he was removed from one part of the prison to another, and standing in the street outside the prison, he saw the sun sinking in the west. He stopped to gaze upon it. The officer gently urged him on. He drew back, and said: 'Warden, please let me stand here a few minutes and look at the sun; for it is the last time I shall ever see it. Before the sun shall rise tomorrow morning I shall be dead. Let me stand here and look at it a little while.' His request was granted; and the officer had to use some gentle violence to make him move on. He was an ignorant man, a cruel man, a bloody man, a murderer; but down deep in his wretched heart there was a chord which vibrated with sympathy when his eyes beheld the sun. It is this that makes it hard for some people to die."

* * *

YOUR WEAK POINT

Every man has a weak point. It may be a love for drink, or a quick temper, or an insane love of praise, or passion for sensual pleasure, or a mean and uncertain disposition. Whatever it is, guard well your weak point. Prof. Henry Drummond once said:—"I knew of a man who was a Temperance lecturer. In his early years he had been a great drunkard; but he was reformed, and had got considerable notoriety as a platform speaker in one of our large cities. By trade he was a glass cutter. One day, many years after he had been a confirmed Christian, as every one thought, a servant girl brought into his place of business a decanter with a broken neck, and asked him to cut it smooth. He took up the bottle to see what was wrong; the fumes of brandy came out of the neck, and went into his brain. He turned the decanter upside down, and got a drop of the liquid upon his finger. He put it to his lips. It set his blood on fire. He went to the nearest public-house and got drunk. That was the beginning of a very bitter and disgraceful end."

* * *

THE COMING RACE

God is looking for a race; a race which shall lead the nations of the earth. That race must have a world-religion, a world language, a world-policy and a world-program. There are world problems which must be solved. There is coming on the scene of action a new race, an imperial race; in the physiognomy of which the features of every great nation will be reflected. The Anglo Saxon with the face of Shakespeare, the Englishman with the face of Gladstone, the Russian with the face of Tolstoi, the Frenchman with the face of Victor Hugo, the German with the face of Bismarck, the Scotchman with the face of Knox, the Welshman with the face of Christmas Evans, the Irishman with the face of Daniel O'Connell, the Bohemian with the face of Huss, the Jew with the face of Disraeli, and the Italian with the face of Michael Angelo. A race imperial in the quality of its brotherhood, wearing the garland of a universal sympathy. A race which shall write the first lines of the world's Anthem and prepare the fabric of a universal ensign.

DOWN AND OUT

The time, above all others, to help a man is when he is down and out. When the world is against him. When every door is shut in his face. When all his society friends have "cut" him. In the hour when he would be black-balled in every fraternal organization. In that hour stand by him. The Herveys had been kind to Samuel Johnson in his early days of struggle, and he always remembered them with gratitude. "If you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him." he said

* * *

CHARACTER IN THE FACE

No man can wear a perpetual mask. There is a color in the cheek, a fire in the eye, a pressure in the lips, an inflation in the nostrils, a quality in the complexion, a texture in the hair and an expression in the whole physiognomy, which reveals character. When Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey were holding revival meetings in Chicago in 1876, the former's attention was attracted one night to an usher who was seating the people. The evangelist did not like the man's appearance. In fact he became so impressed by the matter that he caused inquiry to be made in regard to the man's identity. Word was brought to the platform in a few moments that the man's name was Guiteau. The tree had not as yet brought forth its fruit. Posterity, however, remembers him as the man who assassinated President Garfield.

THE year 1914 is ended. Twelve more issues of The Western Home Monthly have gone forth to its army of readers. Notwithstanding the general business depression and the European War we have added greatly to our subscribers, and we have the assurance of many of our old time readers that the issues of 1914 were better than any that preceded them.

This is all very gratifying to us, and it also must be satisfactory to our advertisers to know that they are spending their money with a magazine worth while, a magazine whose popularity increases with every issue, and that closes the year with its sphere and influence greatly extended.

KEEP COOL

There is a world of meaning in Emerson's phrase: "Energy is repose." Anybody can get excited, but the man who is sure of himself is the incarnation of composure. Wellington uttered his military behests to his subordinates in a tone which bordered on a whisper. If agitations swept his soul nobody ever knew it. The great man is the man who has become master of himself. When a candle is burning it light; when it is sputtering and buzzing it yields smoke. Smoke is wasted illumination. Nervousness is a sign of strength, but it is not strength. "It is a fundamental mistake to call vehemence and rigidity strength! A man is not strong who takes convulsion fits; though six men cannot hold him." It took four men to hold Napoleon in his death convulsions

* * *

GOOD TASTE

Be careful about the law of association. Let nobody associate with your name and memory a mean thing. Stand for good taste in all things. Woe be the preacher who has a reputation for "slang." Let vulgarity have a wide berth. Let no questionable story or incident fall from your lips. Give no mortal on God's earth a chance to connect anything foul, mean or low with your personality. Be careful that when you make people "laugh" you are not making them laugh at you. Speaking of low class literature a writer says:—

"Why should the low and vicious be selected as the type, and served up in literature as mental pabulum? 'Oh,' says one, 'they are facts!' Well, a dead dog in a back lane is a fact, and a very repulsive one; but that is no reason for placing it on the sideboard. Much of the literature that finds its way into the homes and minds of the people is of this 'dead dog' variety, and needs burying quickly and deeply, with no hope of resurrection."

THE FIRST YEARS

In childhood we have nothing to do but remember. We remember faces, places, phrases, incidents, events and association. The deep stain on the memory of infancy and childhood can never be erased. The human eye is not more sensitive than the thoughts of a child. "The first five years of my life made me an infidel," said Tom Paine.

* * *

HOW TO LIVE

The great problem of life is not: "How to Make a Living," but how to live. A man's life centres in the home. There you see him at the best and at the worst. Gloom lies near the border line of happiness. John Bunyan in describing his dream remarks: "I saw in my dream that at the very door of heaven, there was a gate leading to hell." The changing of the position of the railroad train, three inches to the right or three inches to the left, means "off the track"—and disaster in every possible shape and form.

* * *

CONFESS YOUR MISTAKES

Be big enough to acknowledge "the corn." If you nave blundered, say so. If your plan has failed, grant the point. If your words have needlessly offended, apologize. If you have stood for a method which would not work, give in. A learned man has said that the hardest words to pronounce in the English language are, "I have made a mistake." When Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate, "I have just lost a battle, and it's my own fault," Goldsmith said, "His confession shows more greatness than his victories."

* * *

CRUEL IMPATIENCE

All men are not equal. All persons are not equally quick in their mental operations. Some people are slow to grasp but strong to retain. Others are quick to see but certain to forget. There is a difference in brain quality. And some of those who are the slowest in the beginning are the brightest in the end. It was said of Dr. Arnold of Rugby: He would often dwell on the curious alternations of cleverness or dulness in school generations, which seemed to baffle all human calculation or exertion. "What we ought to do is to send up boys who will not be plucked." A mere plodding boy was above all others encouraged by him. At Laleham he had once got out of patience, and spoken sharply to a pupil of this kind, when the pupil looked up in his face and said, "Why do you speak angrily, sir?—indeed, I am doing the best that I can."

* * *

THE MODERN SAINT

The modern saint is of all sorts and conditions and almost too numerous to mention. There is the orthodox saint, he can tell you what to believe; the institutional saint, he can tell you what to do; the smiling saint, he can tell you how he feels; the praying saint, he can tell you the secret of spiritual power; the criticizing saint, he can tell you when you are going wrong; and the conservative saint, he can always tell you "what not to do." Time would fail me to tell of the esthetic saint, the spasmodic saint, the evangelistic saint, the new thought saint, the up-to-date saint, —all good saints. The saint with the downward look —material. The saint with the upward look—spiritual. The saint with the inward look—mystical. The saint with the sideward look—careless. The saint with the wandering look—wayward. The saint with the forward look—aggressive.

* * *

HOW TO TREAT

Are you favored with an honored guest? Don't be concerned about him. At least do not let him see that you are concerned. Act as though you were accustomed to men of such distinction in your home. Just be at home in your own home. And being at home you will make him feel at home. Turn him loose. Give him the "freedom" of the establishment. Thus you will honor your guest and yourself.

"Prof. Swing told this story of his dog, Chihuahua, of whom he was very fond: 'When Canon Farrar visited Chicago I had him at dinner with me. I was a little fearful that being so 'big a gun' he might be shocked when he saw my dog sauntering around the dining room. Now, it has always been my habit to pass little bits of meat down to my dog as I sit at the table. What was my surprise and pleasure to catch the great Canon Farrar handing Chihuahua a sliver of turkey before his Eminence had been waited upon three minutes. 'Each one of my ten children,' he said, 'has a pet of some kind at home, and like your dog the pets have the freedom of the house. And you may believe that I feel at home.' These words told me more of England's great preacher than I could have learned from many an able lecture."

The Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

To my friends who read this page is passed on the hope expressed on personal greeting cards sent out this Yuletide, namely "That the end of the war may find Canadians, individually and as a nation, saner, better poised, wider in their outlook, more tolerant. May they think more, work more and talk less."

A HOPE

As a nation, hitherto we have been noisy and boastful. We have resented it when outsiders have intimated as much, but in our heart of hearts the real sting has been that we knew the accusation to be true. We have been like a houseful of noisy, ungoverned children in all stages of growth. Suddenly we have been thrust into the full responsibilities of nationhood. No thinking person imagines for a moment that our men have gone to war, merely because we are a part of the British Empire. We are fighting on that account of course, but if by any inconceivable combination of circumstances Britain had drawn back from her pledges, Canada would have been forced to take up the gauge of battle on her own account or forever bow to the rule of the German war lords. We are at war because Freedom is in peril, and the fact that Britain and freedom are synonymous only adds to our obligation to fight.

To be in any one of the western cities where the second contingent is being mobilized and see day after day the thousands of young, strong men in khaki drilling on the streets, and think that hundreds, nay thousands, may go down the "long trail" never to return, or to return wounded and maimed, shorn of their splendid strength, is a solemn and sobering thought. Canada can never again take her nationhood lightly. It is receiving the baptism of blood and tears. The United States of America was never in any real sense a nation until after the Civil war. Canada has been provinces, more or less closely united in east and west but always with that gap between; but even at this writing, before any Canadian regiment has received its baptism of fire in this awful war, the east and west have drawn closer together than ever before. The thought that the lads from the prairies and the old farms of Ontario and Quebec are working, fighting and, alas it may be, dying side by side will bridge the gap round the north shore of Lake Superior as nothing else could do. We will be no longer east and west but "Canada" welded by the heavy hammer of adversity and common sorrow into a NATION.

* * *

Many of my readers will have noticed in the daily and weekly papers reference to the great conference held at Regina on the closing days of November, to discuss some form of closer settlement of the rural districts of the west. It is not necessary to go into the scheme actually propounded, because it was finally recognized, by even its promoters, to be impractical. The conference was, however, both interesting and illuminating.

CLOSER SETTLEMENT

There were 250 delegates and almost every phase of commercial and agricultural life was represented, save and except the work of women. The women were not entirely forgotten or ignored, though they had not been invited to attend. Nearly every speaker deplored that farm life was hard on women and a number seemed to recognize that something must be done to make farm life more attractive to them if the country was to prosper. The writer of this page was the only woman present at the seven sessions held, and at the last session, but one, was asked to speak.

It seemed too good an opportunity to miss so she endeavored, at a moment's notice, to voice some of the things that make women discontented with life on the farm, and ventured to suggest that it would have been an excellent idea to take the women of the Homemakers and Home Economic clubs into the conference and ask them what could be done to make life on the farm better for the women. The need of the dower law was pressed home as strongly as possible also the need of granting the women the right to homestead. It was also suggested that the easiest, simplest and sanest way to give the women the protection they need in their great work of creating homes and rearing families, was to give them the vote and let them secure the reform legislation for themselves. The speaker was given a fairly sympathetic hearing and it was encouraging to note that apparently her effort bore some fruit, for when the result of the conference was given concrete form in the shape of the "Canadian Rural Advancement League," it was decided to put a woman representative from each province on the executive of this league, which is to be a body to study the wants and needs of the country and act in an advisory capacity to the Dominion Government when called upon.

* * *

There is a good deal of debate in the minds of women as to whether they should seek to push for reform legislation during the war. Personally I think there should not be much in the way of active campaigning or anything that would tend to suggest to the outside world, dissensions in the camp of the nation.

THE DOWER IN SASK.

Activities however, should not be allowed to cease. The writer has occasion to know that many of the legislators of Saskatchewan are feeling very differently on the subject of the dower law to what they did even a year ago. Real estate is not changing hands so fast and the claim that the right of dower would serve to hamper such transactions would not be so potent as it has been. Quite a few men inside and outside the legislature have come to realize that it would have been money in the pocket of the country if it had not been quite so easy to transfer real estate. It is my firm conviction that a good sized petition on this subject presented to the Attorney General of Saskatchewan before or during the next sitting of the legislature would not be without effect. It certainly could do no harm.

The Grain Growers of Manitoba and Alberta will meet in January and those of Saskatchewan early in February. May it not be that the time is opportune to induce these important bodies of electors to move in the matter in each province. A petition backed by them would carry much weight, for are they not "VOTERS!" There is to be a woman's section at each of these conventions and it would be an easy matter to get together on such a reform.

GRAIN GROWERS

Friendship

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Rev. D. S. Hamilton, B.A.

In human hearts there is a chord responsive
Which yields to touch of character sincere,
And consciousness of worth in object cherished,
E'er binds the friends who hold each other dear.

'Tis not impulsive sentimental tribute
Of passing admiration that they pay,
Who deal in friendship's golden coin untarnished,
Shall covenant keep throughout eternal day.

With friendships based on knowing what is valued,
Deep rooted, firm, and being what they seem,
All actions tally with the word of frankness,
And faithfulness to duty prompts esteem.

True friends will understand reproof or praises,
As each holds others in sincere respect;
In homage paid to all good gifts and graces,
No atom of alloy shall they detect.

The world possesses much that's pure and lovely;
At times reveals repulsive shades of life;
Yet, friendship's bond confirms our faith in goodness
And strengthens souls for duty and for strife.

How often has the battle pressed severely,
And hearts have failed through absence of a friend,
When timely word or touch in face of danger
Had kept the waverer strong unto the end.

To friends is given then, a trust most precious,
To be imparters of true hope and strength,
That weak ones in the way may gain new courage,
And helped and heartened reach the goal at length.

Did not the Master teach, a cup of water
Would not in any wise lose its reward?
'Twould be as wholesome draught from living fountain,
Refreshing those who found the journey hard.

Be ours to prove of service to the friendless,
Extending helping hand to weakest one,
So shall we save the lives that might have perished,
And hear the Master say at last, "Well done."

Thus shall the New Year yield a wealth of gladness,
The wounded world inspiring vision see—
The Friend that sticketh closer than a brother
Amidst the throng, with healing sympathy.

Painless Dentistry

"I want you to know why Painless Dentistry is an all important feature, and why I can do your Dentistry Without Pain. I use care in doing your work. My office is equipped with the latest and improved electric appliance to lessen the degree of pain. All work is specialized in every department. I am so sure of giving you perfect work that I am willing at any time to replace any or all parts that are not satisfactory, without cost to you.

I Challenge the World to Excel Me in Crown and Bridge Work.

OXYGENATED GAS

As administered makes our dental work absolutely painless. 20-Year Guarantee with Each Piece of Work.

SEE OUR NEW SYSTEM

NO PLATES REQUIRED

NEW SYSTEM PORCELAIN BRIDGE WORK

I make a specialty of gold and porcelain bridge work. This is without doubt the most beautiful and lasting work known to dental science. Spaces where one or more teeth have been lost we replace to look so natural that detection is impossible. Ask to see sample of this beautiful work. I guarantee my work, not alone against breakage, but satisfaction for 20 years. My personal attention, honest methods. Written guarantee with all work.

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE OF MY SETS OF CELEBRATED WHALEBONE PLATES?

Whalebone Special Offer

There are many persons in Canada who have not had the opportunity to get one of my celebrated Whalebone Plates, and I have decided to make a $25.00 set of Whalebone Teeth for $10.00. They will stick in any mouth, no matter how hard it is to fit. This is what you can expect for $10.00—the best set of teeth that will stick to your mouth—never fall when you laugh, bite corn off the cob, do not make a noise when you eat, and look natural as your own.

I Have

many imitators in Painless Dental work, but no real competitors—my work speaks for itself. References from Ministers, Lawyers, Physicians, Merchants, Government officials, City officials, Police, Mechanics and people in every walk in life.

Dr. Robinson

Over Birks, Jewellers

Corner PORTAGE and SMITH

WINNIPEG

Painless Dentist

HOW I CURED MY CATARRH

Told in a Simple Way

Without Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity

Heals Day and Night

It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer, or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No powder; no plasters; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at

all. Something new and different, something delightful and healthful, something instantly successful. You do not have to wait, and linger and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it overnight—and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

I Am Free—You Can Be Free

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality.

But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

RISK JUST ONE CENT

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter to-day. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

SAM KATZ, Room D 2714
142 Mutual St., Toronto, Ont.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

The Telephone in the Rural Home

By A. M. Bray.

HELLO! Is that you, doctor? Well please come out here right away if you can. Jim's had a runaway accident and broken an arm and a rib."

"All right, I'll be out there in a couple of hours. Just make him as comfortable as you can; and don't worry."

How easy it is to deal with an emergency in the rural district throughout which the telephone is installed, and how difficult when the only communication between neighbors is by actually paying a visit.

Had the accident taken place a few weeks ago, previous to the advent of the phone, it would have seemed a far more serious calamity, for someone would have had to ride the twenty-five miles into the nearest town to fetch the doctor, whilst neighborly assistance could only be solicited by the laborious and time-wasting method of a personal visit, which would perhaps necessitate leaving the injured man by himself for some time. However, as it is, Jim's wife has phoned to four neighbors and also the doctor, and within a very few minutes of the accident they are all on their way to the scene as fast as their horses can take them.

It is in just such an emergency as this that the utility of the rural telephone is most clearly demonstrated; but perhaps the long distance talking machine is of still more importance in our rural homes because it extends the social life of the settlement enormously, and this is what will keep the people in the country, especially the younger generation.

It is true that the pioneers of the settlement realized when they first moved in to their land over trails of their own making, that it would be several, perhaps many, years before they could expect to have either phones, railroads, or even passable roads; but the telephone is none the less appreciated by them when it is eventually installed after the long years of waiting. Because these empire builders have lived in the country for seven or eight years without any other means of communication than by horseback or shank's mare, it does not follow that they will always be content to do so.

After the first adventurous spirits have penetrated the virgin brush and prairie and made their homes miles from civilization, the still adventurous but more timid are content to follow. Shacks are built and clearings come into being as axes wage war on the timber and brush, and in a short time it is a land of homesteads. Three years more and there are some real farms and the district is well settled. By this time the social life of the settlement will be a feature which must be taken into account, for if there is a lack of social entertainment one may be sure that it will be hard to hold the younger generation who are growing up there, on the farm, as they will want to be off to the city with its social pleasures. If, however, the settlement is deprived of all its young blood it cannot advance but will more likely be retarded, and thus the telephone is an indispensable asset to a settlement at this stage of its existence.

With a telephone in the house one is not cut off from the outside world no matter how far one may be from civilization. That simple looking box with a bell on top and a handle at the side changes the whole outlook for the family in whose houses it is installed. Before the miraculous but familiar box was attached to the wall, the house was an isolated thing; but now it is linked with other homes, whilst the far away city can be brought to its door—for converse at least— for the insignificant sum of fifteen cents.

Father phoned over to Lee Smith, twelve miles away, this morning, asking him to come over and help put up a new barn next week. Mother called up Mrs. Brown and at the range of three miles had a good gossip anent the prices of eggs and butter, what to give a baby for colic, how to make a certain kind of cake and the latest tit-bit of harmless local scandal. A few minutes later daughter Bessie was called up by her young man Frank, and spent a mutually delightful ten minutes exchanging sweet nothings, after which brother Bert found a very inadequate excuse for ringing up Frank's younger sister, and the phone being still a novelty to her, she quite forgot to snub him as usual, whereat he was so elated that he refused a second helping of meat at dinner and only drank four cups of tea.

So very different to three weeks ago when it meant a day's ride to ask Lee Smith, or else wait a week to get a reply by mail; when mother only got an opportunity to gossip with Mrs. Brown once in two weeks, and when Bessie and Bert were lucky if they caught a glimpse of the object of their affections except on a Sunday or at a dance.

"That all sounds very nice," says the "kicker," but there are a few flies in the ointment. First there's sixteen dollars a year to pay, and then the everlasting ringing of other people's bells is enough to send a fellow crazy. Again there is no chance of doing any important business over the phone as half the neighbors in the district are "listening in" and everyone always knows a little too much about his neighbor's business so that there are constant quarrels.

Undoubtedly there are drawbacks to the telephones on the rural lines, but then how often do we experience an unmixed blessing? And what are such trivial objections as compared with the saving of one human life. And who can say how many lives have been saved which would have been lost had it not been for the speedy communication which the phone makes possible.

A Galician who had a long standing quarrel with one of his neighbors, a Scotchman, went into town and, as the neighbors would put it, "got jagged" and returned home armed with a bottle of fire water and a large sense of grievance against the world in general and the Scotchman in particular. Evidently he drank and brooded most of the night, and when daylight appeared he took down a .44 Winchester and hiked over to a bit of trail across which he knew the subject of his hatred must come.

When he did come at length, the hands which held the rifle must have been affected by fear or drink or perhaps both, as the bullets whistled past the intended victim's head harmlessly, so that he merely thought that someone was out hunting deer a little previously, and had shot near him accidentally.

Seeing that he must get closer to his victim the Galician went to an old disused barn past which ran the only trail by which the Scotchman could leave his homestead towards neighbors, and over which he knew he must travel to get his cows home.

The assassin removed the chinking between the logs as a loophole, and waited.

Presently there was the sound of hoofs spurning the hard dry trail, and a cautious look showed him that it was his enemy on horseback. When the rider was directly opposite the barn, he fired.

At the sound of the shot the horse turned and bolted down the trail towards home and the Scotchman remained in the saddle, though the large soft bullet had torn an ugly furrow in his left hand, eventually burying itself in the thick leather of the saddle crutch, which saved his life.

When the horse reached home the Scotchman explained to his wife what had happened, after which he fainted from pain and loss of blood. She at once saw that assistance must be fetched without delay or her husband might succumb from loss of blood, but her only way to fetch it, lead directly past the hiding place of the would-be murdered. However she did not hesitate to mount into the saddle covered with her husband's blood as it was, and gallop straight past the building where an armed and drink crazed enemy lurked. Luckily she got past without being fired at, and was able to soon procure the assistance of men working on a bridge in the vicinity, some of whom returned with her, whilst one was dispatched to fetch medical aid, and also to inform the Mounted Police.

A few days later the Scotchman had sufficiently recovered from the effects of the affray to be around again, but the Galician was found by one of the settlers, lying in the bush with the top of his head blown off, he evidently having done the deed himself.

Had the telephone been in at that time, how much easier it would have been for the Scotchman's wife to summon assistance. But then an act of heroism would probably have remained undone, for there is nothing heroic in calling up neighbors.

GLASSIFIED PAGE FOR THE PEOPLE'S WANTS

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified advertisement columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c. word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

POULTRY FOR SALE

HIGH CLASS ROSE COMB RHODE ISLAND REDS—Cockerels $2.00 and $2.50. John Duff, Mekiwin, Man. 2

S. C. WHITE LEGHORN COCKERELS, about 40, from $1.00 to $3.00 each, and also a few pens. Write for prices. L. H. Gardiner, Broom hill, Man. 2

60 LEADING VARIETIES of poultry, geese, ducks, turkeys, guineas, pheasants, pigeons, rabbits, fox terrier, rat dogs, peafowls at a very low price. Must make room for winter. Write for prices. G. B. Damann, Northfield, Minn. 1

FREE—We will give free to any person interested in stock or poultry one of our 80-page illustrated books on how to feed, how to build hen houses; tells the common diseases of poultry and stock with remedies for same; tells how to cure roup in four days; tells all about our Royal Purple Stock and Poultry Foods and Remedies. Write W. A. Jenkins Mfg. Co., London, Canada." 1

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ANY PERSON can make money selling our famous line of goods, war prices now on. Write for information. Dr. Maturin Medicine Co., Toronto.

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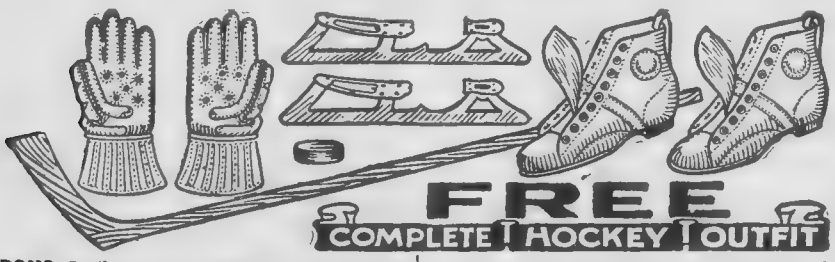

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About the Farm

How Cheddar Cheese Is Made

In the making of Cheddar cheese, perhaps the first essential is pure, sweet milk of good quality; and to be pure and sweet, not only must the dairy and its surroundings be scrupulously clean, and no part of it used, as is so often the case, as a larder or store for vegetables, paraffin, etc., but the cowhouses must be well cleaned and ventilated. Above all, the udders and teats of the cows, and the hands of the milkers, must be thoroughly washed before milking, and the greatest care taken to prevent any impurities getting into the milk. This cannot be insisted upon too strongly, as there is not the slightest doubt but that large quantities of milk are thus irretrievably ruined for the making of fine cheese before coming into the dairy, and it is only by the most strict and constant supervision that this can be prevented.

As soon as drawn, the milk is taken to a receiver, about eighteen inches square, placed in the most convenient position outside the dairy, so that by a short open shoot it can pass through the wall into the cheese-tub, being thoroughly strained in the passage, thus doing away with the necessity of the milkers entering the dairy. The evening's milk can generally remain in the cheese-tub during the night. When the temperature is high, an occasional stirring is useful; but in damp, hot, moist weather, or during electrical disturbances, some of it should be placed in other vessels.

In the morning the first duty of the careful cheese-maker is to examine the condition of the night's milk, and, if acidity be perceptible, the morning's milk only should be heated; as a rule this is advisable from about the middle of June to the end of August. The night's milk is skimmed, and the cream put in with the milk to be heated in a tin vessel called a warmer, surrounded by hot water in the open boiler, referred to as being in the boiler house, and in which the whey is also heated. Particular care must be taken not to exceed a temperature of 95 deg. By this the united milk should be raised to 84 deg.; but by the end of June it can be reduced to 82 deg. A little sour whey may be added in the earlier and later months, but its regular use cannot be recommended.

When annato is used, it must be well stirred in, and sufficient rennet added to coagulate the milk in sixty minutes. The thorough mixing of the milk and rennet is very important, and should occupy about ten minutes, not only for its thorough incorporation, but also to prevent the cream rising to the surface. The tub should then be covered over till coagulation is complete, in order to guard against a too rapid fall in the temperature of the milk. By the time the curd will break clean over a tubular thermometer, the delicate operation of breaking should begin. This is facilitated by the use of a thin knife, long enough to reach the bottom of the tub, for cutting the curd into squares of about two inches.

It should then be left a few minutes to harden and for the whey to separate, when, by the use of a shovel-breaker, the splitting of the curd in its own grain commences. This at first must be done with the greatest caution, or the whey will get white and loss of quality ensue; but speed should increase as the curd hardens—always taking care that it is regularly broken, and not smashed, until it is the size of a pea, and the whey of a greenish hue; the time of this operation depends somewhat upon the quantity dealt with, but it should take from fifty to sixty minutes. The mass is now allowed to settle for ten minutes, when, with a syphon sufficient whey is drawn off, which, when heated to not more than 130 deg., would raise the whole to 90 deg. During the application of this whey the curd must be well stirred and mixed. A further rest of ten minutes takes place, when enough whey is drawn off for heating to 130 deg., and that in the tub lowered till it only covers the curd by about two inches. The heated whey is poured in a small stream over the curd, the operator taking the utmost care that the whole mass is thoroughly broken up and incorporated with it, the thermometer being frequently used, until it stands at 100 deg., the limit desired; but the stirring must be continued until the curd becomes shotty and is disposed to sink, the whey showing above it clear and green. This operation takes from ten to thirty minutes, but if the curd does not harden sufficiently fast, and the temperature falls quickly, it would be best to add more hot whey so as to retain the heat at 100 deg.

The curd now rests for 10 minutes, or if it is sufficiently acid, a shorter period will do, when all the whey is let off, and the curd piled as high as possible in the centre of the tub. Then all the crumbs are carefully washed down, strained, and placed on top of the mound. Cover and keep it warm with cloths until it has become sufficiently solid to cut into large pieces. These should be so coagulated as to be turned over without breaking. And the process of cutting, piling up, changing, and so on, goes on for another short time, until the curd presents a rich, dry, mellow, solid appearance and a perceptible amount of acidity has been developed. This you can discover by taste and smell. Then it is next ground, and should look a ragged, solid curd, dry yet greasy and easy to crumble in pieces. A fine, clean, dry salt must be used at the rate of 2½ pounds per 112 pounds of curd, and the salt must be thoroughly mixed. At this point the temperature of the curd should be about 70 deg. It should be put into the vat or mould, lined with a thin cloth, large enough to cover the cheese, placed in the press, where it has a pressure of about twenty hundredweight, and allowed to remain there until next morning, when the cloth is changed, the portion of the cheese inverted and replaced in the press for another twenty-four hours. Rub a little fat over the surface to soften it and prevent cracks. Then cover it with muslin and replace the cheese in the press for forty-eight hours more. Next, bandage it and take it to the warm cheese-room, where it must be turned daily for six weeks. Next take it to the cooler cheese-room and turn it over every day until it is three months old. Then you can turn it over once in five days until you want to sell it.

London, Eng. G. T. Burrows.

Canadian Dairy Notes

Canadian dairying is in a state of confusion and change. It is a safe guess that not one dairy farmer in a dozen would commit himself to a definite prediction of just what line of dairying he will be following next year. Less than a decade ago the cheese factories of Eastern Ontario had things all their own way in that part of the country. In the western part of Ontario and in Quebec province cheese factories and creameries conducted a friendly rivalry for the dairy farmer's capital, but neither one was able to offer sufficient inducements to the farmer to seriously injure the business of the other.

To-day the man who has invested his all in a cheese factory or creamery is "up against it" good and hard. We are passing through a wonderful era of industrial development. Our cities have grown rapidly at the expense of the country. In Ontario, for instance, the city population increased by over 300,000 during the past ten years, while the rural population decreased by 100,000. The same is true to a lesser degree of all the provinces of eastern Canada. Hence in many sections the demand for milk and cream for a city trade has put dozens of cheese factories and creameries out of business.

Condenseries have been established in some leading dairy districts, and the

Reduced by Asthma. The constant strain of asthma brings the patient to a dreadful state of hopeless exhaustion. Early use should by all means be made of the famous Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy, which more than any other acts quickly and surely on the air passages and brings blessed help and comfort. No home where asthma is present in the least degree should be without this great remedy.

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Mrs. L. M. Ratchford, Peterboro, Ont., writes: "Having been troubled for years with constipation, and trying many different remedies which did me no good whatever, I was asked to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I have found them most beneficial, for they are indeed splendid pills, and I can gladly recommend them to all people who suffer from constipation."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25c a vial, 5 vials for $1.00, at all druggists or dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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cheese factories have found themselves up against competition with which they cannot compete. Powder factories offer better prices for milk than do cheese factories. The recent change in the American tariff has opened a new market to milk producers near the line, and already large amounts of milk and cream are being shipped to United States cities. Last autumn United States milk retailers were making contracts with farmers as far back as sixty miles from the international boundary, and one cheese factory located over fifty miles from the boundary is reported to have shipped a good part of its milk across the line.

In eastern Canada we have over 2,200 cheese factories. These are largely owned by private individuals, men who have invested all of their money in their factories and who in many cases stand to lose practically the whole of their investment. The outlook for the cheesemaker and factory proprietor is certainly a dark one.

Centralized creameries are now getting a foothold in Canada. A few years ago the T. Eaton Company established one of the first centralized creameries in the Dominion. This creamery, still the largest in Canada, is located on the fifth floor of a department store where all customers may come and see how the butter is made. There are now several centralized creameries in the same city of Toronto, and there is hardly a city throughout the country that has not at least one big creamery. In a couple of the western provinces centralized creameries are favored by the Government officials in preference to the smaller local concerns. These creameries set a high standard for the cream that they will accept and pay a somewhat better price to the farmer, even when shipping expenses are considered, than does the local creamery.

The latest census returns gave those of us who have great faith in the dairy cow somewhat of a shock. They showed that in the last ten years the number of cows in Eastern Canada has decreased in every province. In Ontario for instance, we had 1,065,763 dairy cows in 1901 and only 1,032,979 cows in 1911. A more satisfactory feature of the situation, however, is that while the number of cows has decreased the volume, the value of their production has steadily increased. In Ontario, for instance, it is estimated the average production per cow has increased almost 25 per cent in 10 years. This increased production may be attributed in no small measure to the good work of the cow testing associations, which are everywhere becoming common.

In Western Canada dairy farming is steadily on the increase. In ten years the cow population of Manitoba increased from 141,481 to 155,337; in British Columbia from 24,535 to 33,953; in Saskatchewan from 56,634 to 181,146; and in Alberta from 46,101 to 147,687. I would call special attention to the increase in the latter province. Alberta is ideally adapted to dairying and mixed farming, and men who have travelled extensively throughout the dairy districts of America predict the time is not far off when Alberta will be a rival of any other dairy province or state on the American Continent.

There have been fully twice as many sales of pure-bred stock this spring as in any previous year and prices have averaged higher than heretofore. At several sales pure-bred Holsteins have averaged over $200 a head for cows, calves and bulls. There appears to be an almost unlimited demand for black and whites, and Ayrshire breeders, too, state that they are practically sold out of surplus stock. With pure-bred cattle in such demand are we not justified in looking for a still greater increase in production of our milk cows in the next decade than in the last?—F. E. Ellis.

Cheapest of All Oils.—Considering the curative qualities of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil it is the cheapest of all preparations offered to the public. It is to be found in every drug store in Canada from coast to coast and all country merchants keep it for sale. So, being easily procurable and extremely moderate in price, no one should be without a bottle of it.

Raising the Pigs

Young pigs, like young calves, must be fed often and in very small amounts for the first few days, or possibly a week, and they must have a warm place to sleep, even if the weather seems quite warm. Young pigs have very little hair and a cold rain or a chilly wind will prove very injurious to them. Of course, if the pigs have been with the sow for two or three weeks it will not be such a job to raise them by hand as if they were but a day or so old. Pigs may be taken from the sow and fed by hand any time, but they do better if two or three days old; the attention given them while young will have all to do with their rapid growth.

While the pigs are quite young, they should be fed whole milk warmed to about blood heat. They must be taught to drink from the start. This may seem difficult, but it is easy. Put their milk in a flat dish (a saucer will do) and give them a taste by placing a little on their lips with a spoon, and it will be but a few feeds until the youngsters will squeal for the milk. If the pig is very young, a sprinkling of sugar added to the milk will improve it and make it more natural. Give the pig but a few drops the first feed and do not feed more than a spoonful at any one feed until it is a few days old. If a number of pigs are together, the little vessel for feeding will have to be fast to prevent spilling the milk, for it is only a few days after they begin to eat until they will fight over their feed, regular hog fashion.—Country Life.

Selling the Farm

I believe I'll sell the farm, Jane Ann,
and buy a house in town;
Jones made an offer yesterday—he'll
pay the money down.
He said he wasn't anxious, but he had
the cash to spare,
And reminded me that nowadays cash
sales are very rare.

The farm ain't worth much anyway;
the soil is mighty thin,
And the crops it yields are hardly worth
the putting of them in;
Besides that pesky railroad that they're
puttin' through this way,
Will cut the old place right in two—
Jones told me so to-day.

I ain't afeard of work, you know—my
daddy alus said,
"There ain't a single lazy hair in
Nehemiah's head."
There weren't no lazy hairs, I know, in
that old head of his.
For he did the work of three hired men,
in spite of his rheumatiz.

Perhaps it may be sinful for a mortal
to find fault
With toiling hard both day and night if
he only makes his salt;
But I thought while cradlin' rain-lodged
oats on the side-hill over there
That my lot was most too hefty for a
small-boned man to bear.

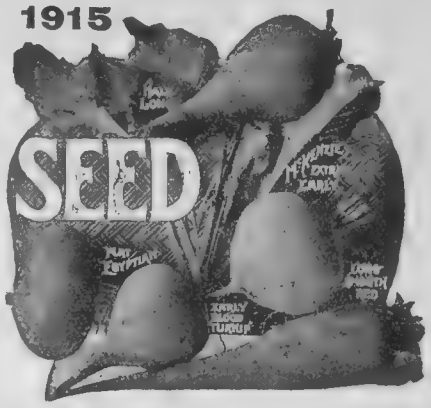
It's allus been my custom, when a-plowing stumpy soil,
To hum some good, old-fashioned tune—
it sorter eased my toil;
But I tell you what, 'twas pretty hard
to smother words of sin,
Whene'er a springy root 'ud break and
whack me on the shin.

So now, if you've agreed, Jane Ann,
I'll sell the farm to Jones.
He'll find that what it lacks in soil is
well made up in stones.
And we'll move into town next week—
what's that you're sayin', wife?
You'll never leave the good old place
as long as you have life?

Well, there it goes again, I vow! Go
on and have your say—
You're bound to boss the shop, I see—
it always was your way;
But you'll find I'll have my will this
time, old girl, as well as you,
So, if you're bound to stay right here,
by gracious, I'll stay too.

—Farm Stock and Home.

McKENZIE'S 1915



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FREE Stem wind and set watch, guaranteed 5 years, for selling 20 art and religious pictures or 20 pkgs. post cards at 10c each. Order your choice.
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The Home Doctor

Ganglion

The name ganglion is given to a circumscribed collection of fluid along the course of one of the tendons or sinews. Usually it is located on the back of the wrist or on the instep, but it may be encountered on the outer side of the ankle or on the inner surface of the wrist.

The swelling is rounded and of variable size, usually perhaps, when it begins to attract the notice of its possessor, about the size of a filbert. It gives a sensation of elasticity although often solid feeling, like a piece of india-rubber, but it may be so hard as to be mistaken for a bony tumor. It is quite movable under the skin when the hand is at rest, but when the fingers are contracted—in case the ganglion is on the back of the wrist—the lump becomes tense and fixed.

There are ordinarily no symptoms other than the disfigurement of the swelling, although if subjected to continual slight injuries, as happens especially when it is located on the instep, it may become inflamed and quite painful.

The interior of a ganglion is not exactly fluid, but somewhat viscid, much like glycerin jelly.

The old-time treatment of a ganglion on the back of the wrist was to tell the patient to make a fist, and then, when the tumor was tense, to hit it a blow with the flat of a heavy book and rupture it. After that a bandage was worn for several days to maintain pressure on the part, and so prevent the little cyst from refilling. This was the accepted plan of treatment by even the best surgeons forty or fifty years ago, and was usually satisfactory; but sometimes the patient so treated went into a galloping consumption, and died.

The reason for this has been found in the fact that a ganglion is sometimes tuberculous in its nature and origin, and the slap with the book simply spattered the fluid out of the sac, where it did no harm, into the loose tissue beneath the skin, whence it was absorbed by the blood-vessels, and so the contained poison was carried to every part of the body.

A better way is to insert a hollow needle into the tumor and by means of suction with an aspirator draw off the contents, if they are not too thick and jelly-like. Nowadays, however, the surgeon usually cuts out the whole thing, sac and all, and so gets rid of it without fear of return. The little operation is very simple, devoid of danger, can be done without pain, and leaves a very slight almost invisible, scar.

Chronic Bronchitis

After repeated attacks of acute bronchitis, especially in those past the middle of life, there is a tendency for the disease to become established as a chronic affection. When this occurs a perfect cure is hardly to be expected, unless, perhaps, the patient is able to take up his residence permanently in a warm climate. Even when a cure appears to have been effected the mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes remains vulnerable, and very slight causes will then bring about a return of the trouble.

There is usually more or less cough accompanied by thick expectoration, especially in the morning. Sometimes the chest is sore, and coughing excites a rasping pain. The heavy cough, returning in repeated attacks and finally becoming almost constant, at least from early summer well on into the autumn, at last causes a dilatation of the air-cells in the lungs. This condition—pulmonary emphysema, as it is called—induces a sort of asthma in which expiration is difficult, longer than usual, and accompanied by more or less wheezing.

There is usually little to do for chronic bronchitis in the way of drugs. The so-called expectorants or cough mixtures are needed, as a rule, only when there is a fresh cold caught on top of the chronic condition. At such times the cough may become racking and incessant and call for quieting remedies. Cod-liver oil is almost always good for these patients, unless it spoils the appetite. When it cannot be borne—and when it can also,—the sufferer should eat plenty of butter and use cream freely.

When the patient is gouty, a not unusual contingency, an antigout regimen should be adopted. If possible, the colder part of the year should be spent in a warm climate. The dry air of the interior is preferable to the damp east winds of the Atlantic coast; but as the heart may be affected secondarily to the lung trouble or to the kidney trouble which is frequently associated with it, the high altitudes, such as the Rocky Mountain region, are to be visited with caution.

As will be seen from the general line of treatment indicated, hope for sufferers from chronic bronchitis lies in doing all that is possible to keep the general condition built up by hygienic living and a generous diet.

Hygienic Exercise

Muscular action is indispensable to robust health; but the amount of it that is required varies with age, sex, habits and constitution. Most persons who are free from organic disease are benefited by properly directed gymnastic training. Even those employed at manual labor are often improved by it, for only certain groups of muscles are exercised in the routine of daily work, and others remain comparatively idle. Light exercise for a few minutes in the evening often acts as a restorative both to the wearied muscles and to the exhausted nervous system of one fatigued in his employment during the day, particularly if it be followed by a cold sponge-bath; but as a rule the morning is a better time for both exercise and cold bathing. Invalids may profit by exercise under the supervision of a physician, and remarkable cures are sometimes attributable in great measure to it.

No other method is quite so effectual as systematic training under an intelligent instructor, when this is available, but a great deal can be accomplished by home gymnastics if persistently practised. In these days of deficient breathing and excessive lung disease especial attention should be directed to the strengthening of the muscles of the chest and abdomen. The exercise should be taken daily and in the open air when the weather will permit; it should never be undertaken in a closed room. Whether dumb-bells and wall-pulleys or some other method be employed, the movements should be carried to the point of inducing deep respiration. Moderate running and bicycling increase the breathing power, and rowing is regarded as the best of all exercises.

A few precautions should be observed. Nothing more cumbersome than the regulation costume of the gymnasiums should be worn unless reduction of weight is desired The time limit at the beginning should be ten or fifteen minutes; it may be increased gradually to an hour, the rapidity of the increase corresponding to the physical condition of the individual. The weight of each dumb-bell for a sound young man should rarely exceed two pounds, and that of each wall-pulley should be limited to three pounds. Nothing is gained by attempting too much, and the improvement of months may be checked by the overwork of an hour. The slight soreness of the muscles during the first few days must not, however, be looked upon as an indication of overwork.

To Live Long Live Simply

From the days of Cornaro down to the present those who have experimented in prolonging life are united upon one point: Live simply and eat very moderately. If the body is choked with waste its organs cannot function properly. It is an almost universal custom to eat more than is needed to sustain the body in health. We eat for pleasure long after the needs of the body are met. And by overeating we shorten life. Louis Cornaro was born with a weak constitution. At forty he was subject to severe illnesses and was in appearance and feeling an old man. At this time he took himself strictly in hand and began to eat only what he could readily assimilate. He made it a rule to rise from the table while he still felt a disposition to eat and drink more. As he advanced in years he became still more abstemious. As a result he reached the century mark in good health, with a mind clear and bodily organs well preserved.

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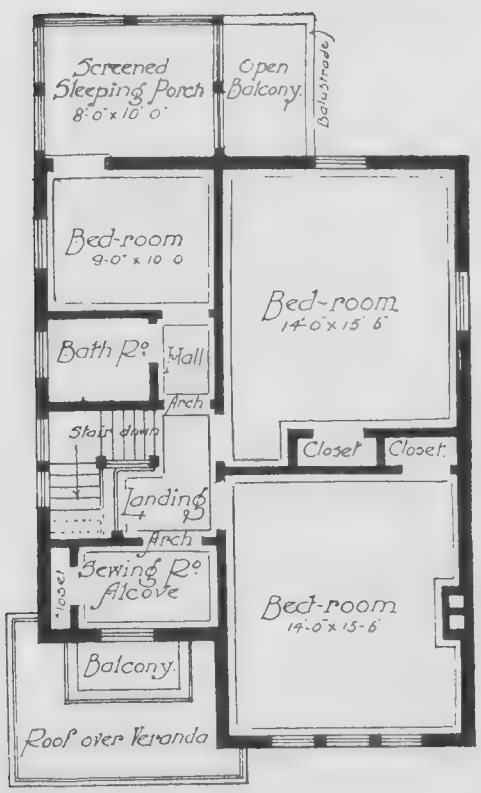
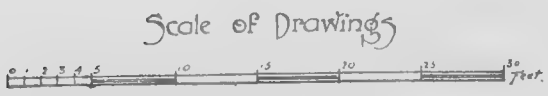
HERE is our greatest offer yet—even better than our dinner set, which met with such remarkable success. The set consists of 28 pieces, and each article is a product of the well-known William Rogers Company, and guaranteed by them—it is the best known pattern of Table Silver in Canada, embossed floral design. Complete table service for six people. We anticipate an exceptionally heavy demand for this premium, so urge our readers to start right in, and get subscriptions.
Remember we pay all charges, and the Cutlery will be sent immediately on receipt of your order.

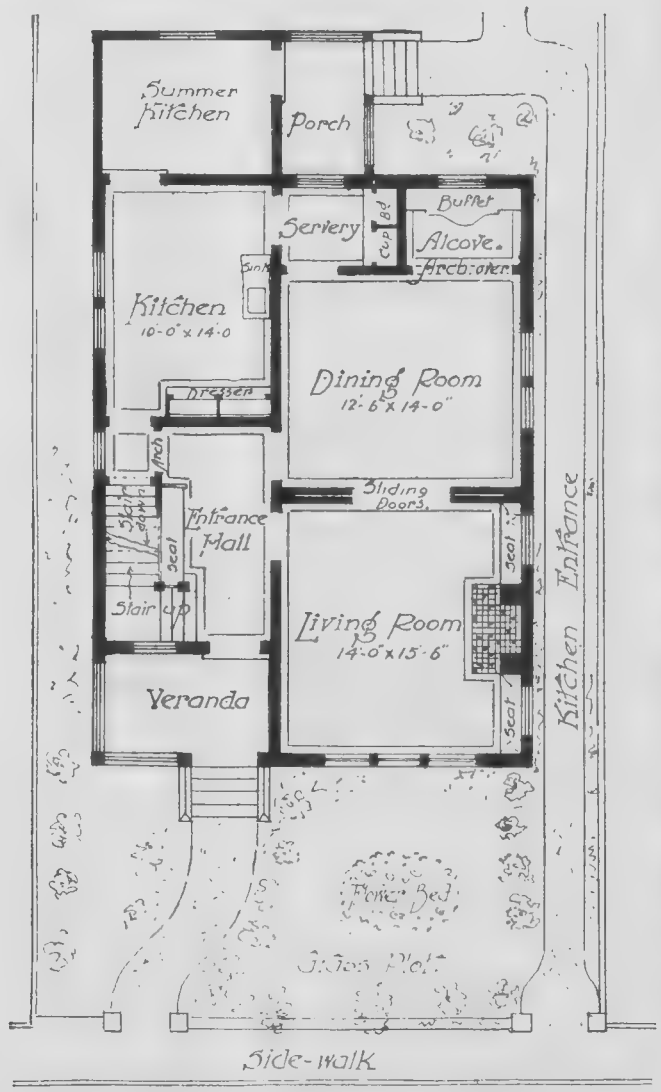
Original Plans

Prepared Specially for The Western Home Monthly by W. H. McLachlan, Architectural Designer, Winnipeg



Second Floor Plan





First Floor Plan

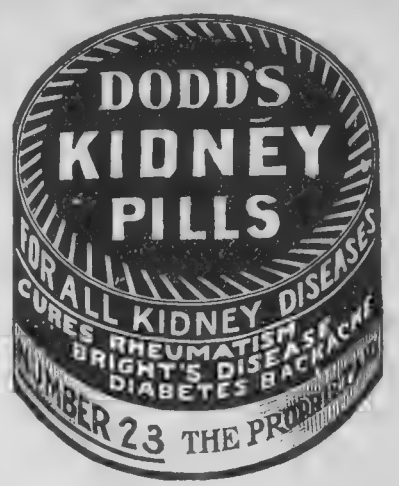
This Suburban Home has been designed to suit a 33-foot lot, but can be modified to suit other conditions, when more space is available.

It contains all the features that make a thoroughly satisfactory home. The large open fire place with a seat at each side presents a very pleasing view on entering the Living Room and affords a fine chance for interior decoration. The Dining Room, Kitchen and Pantry are well arranged and all rooms have direct communication with the Entrance Hall.

There are 3 good size Bedrooms on the Second Floor, a Screened Sleeping Porch and Balcony opens off the Small Bedroom at back. The Bathroom is central and yet isolated. An enclosed Alcove or Sewing Room opens off the Stair Landing.

Ceiling heights are, Cellar, 7 feet; First floor, 9 feet, and Second floor, 8 feet, 6 inches.

The approximate cost would be about $2,850 (say $3,000).



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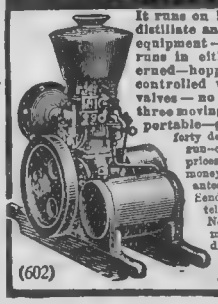

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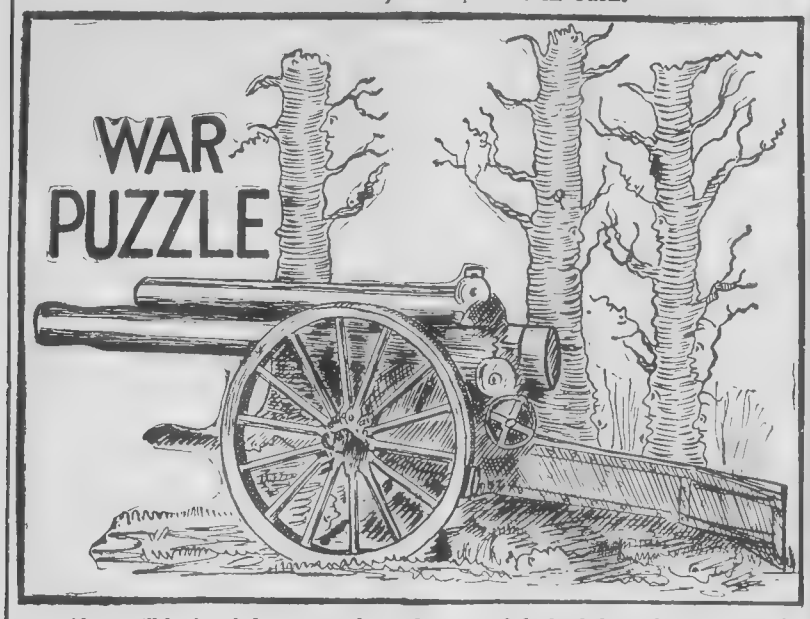

Above will be found the picture of a modern gun of the kind that is being used in the present war. At a glance the gun and some old trees appear to be all there is in the picture, but by careful scrutiny some soldiers' faces will be found. There are 19 of them in all. Can you find them? It is no easy task, but by patience and perseverance can be accomplished.

You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses published below. If you find the faces mark each one you find with an X cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness will be considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time, but as there are TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and One Hundred premiums given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter. Remember, all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."

We do not ask You to Spend One Cent of Your Money in order to enter this Contest.

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Two Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this company, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Below will be found a partial list of the names and addresses of a few persons who have won some of our larger prizes in recent contests. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else, **as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.**

Names and Addresses of a few Prize-Winners in recent Contests.

Mrs. W. A. C. Orr, 298 Gunnell St., Winnipeg	$50.00
Miss E. Brodeur, 6 Gillespie St., Sherbrooke	50 00
Mr. Louis Quintal, Charlemagne, Que.	50 00
Mr. Alphonse Drouin, Dept. of Sec. of State, Ottawa	50 00
Mr. J. A. St. Pierre, Arthabaska, Que.	50 00
Mrs. E. McMillan, 335 Medland St West Toronto	50 00
Mr. H. Lloyd, Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Ont	50 00
Mr. Jos. F. Champagne, 252 Bolton, Ottawa, Ont.	50 00
Miss Daisy Rabey, 182 University Ave., Toronto	40 00
Mr. Jno. W. London, 486 Ross Ave., Winnipeg, Man.	40.00
Miss I. B. Benjamin, 125 Hughson St., Hamilton	40 00
Miss H. C. Powell, P.O. Dept., Ottawa, Ont.	40 00
Mrs. Andrew Johnson Box 103, Roblin, Man.	40 00
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Mrs A. Ferguson, 39 Stobart Block, Winnipeg	35 00
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Miss Mary Cochrane, 114 Preston St., Ottawa	35 00
Mrs. G. H. Benson, 33 Hargrave St., Winnipeg	35.00
Mrs. W. D. Little, Powassan, Ont.	30 00
Mr. Thos. Blakey, 86 Huntley St., Toronto	25 00
Miss Mary Lamb, 22 Spencer St, St. John's, Nfld	25 00
Miss E. A. Kennedy, 16 Railway St., Hamilton	25 00
Mr. Jules Vascancelles, Goulais River, Ont.	25 00
Mr. Jno. M. Sullivan, Duckworth, St. John's, Nfld.	25 00
Mrs. E. H. Dunnett, 200 Hughson St., Hamilton	25 00
Mr. W. C. Mason, 2475 Hutchison St., Montreal	25.00
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Fashions and Patterns

Address all Orders to Pattern Department, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

1121—Ladies' Skirt, with or without Tunic and Girdle—This style shows a tunic with plaits at the sides, and a girdle with front and back edges lapped. One could have serge and plaid woollen with the plaid for contrast. The design is also good for velveteen, broad cloth, duvetyn, wool mixtures and novelty weaves. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Pattern, 10c.

1115—A Pretty Dress for Mother's Girl.—If made of blue linene, with a bit of embroidery on the yoke facing in red or white, and big buttons to match, it will be very effective. The tucker which is nice for cool days, is desirable in lawn, crepe, soft silk or batiste. The dress is a one piece model, and may be finished to close at the shoulder or in the back. The pattern is in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

chiffon crepe in blue is here combined. The under waist is of lace. It is cut low and with sleeve portions combined. A girdle of chiffon encircle the waist, and is draped low over the hips forming sash ends at the centre front. A pretty inexpensive gown may be fashioned from this model, in albatross in any of the new evening shades, with a simple finish of ribbon frills or embroidery. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 6 yards of 40 inch material for a 17 year size. Pattern, 10c.

9886—A Practical and Pleasing House or Home Dress.—Black and white checked gingham, with facings of white linene is here shown. The design would be pretty in figured lawn or dimity or in a neat percale pattern. For serviceable wear it would look well in gray or

1116—Girl's Dress with or without Girdle.—As here shown Napoleon blue garbardine serge was used, with soutache braid for trimming. If made of wash materials, there are strong serviceable galateas in plain and striped materials, Devonshire cloth in neat checks, percales in lovely patterns, and seersuckers that require no ironing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern, 10c.

1122—Ladies' One Piece Apron.—This model is very simple and easy to develop. It is cut in one piece, the back being formed by strap pieces, crossed over the centre, and fastened to the front under the arm. A neat pocket is added on the front. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. If made of blue checked gingham, bindings of white on the free edges will form a neat finish. If of black alpaca, feather stitching in red or green will be neat and attractive. Pattern, 10c.

1124—A Pretty Evening or Dancing Frock.—Shadow lace over blue silk with

blue striped seersukcer, with collar, cuffs and facings in contrasting color. For afternoon or porch wear, there are many dainty materials, also linens and ratines, that will lend themselves admirably to this style. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern, 10c.

1134-1133—A Smart Gown for Home Calling or Business Wear.—Novelty suiting in blue and white plaid with threads of green is here becomingly developed, with blue taffeta for vest, collar, cuff and pocket trimmings. The skirt is a splendid model with its simple lines and the pockets are a convenient and practical style feature. Broad cloth, voile, velvet or corduroy are also appropriate for this model. It is composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 1134, cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1133, cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure Two separate patterns, 10c. each.

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I say that I can conquer rheumatism with a simple home treatment, without electrical treatment, stringent diet, weakening baths, or in fact any other of the usual treatments recommended for the cure of rheumatism.

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You may have tried everything you ever heard of and have spent your money right and left. I say "well and good," let me prove my claims without expense to you.

Let me send you, without charge, a trial treatment of DELANO'S RHEUMATIC CONQUEROR. I am willing to take the chance and surely the test will tell.

So send me your name and the test treatment will be sent you at once. When I send you this, I will write you more fully, and will show you that my treatment is not only for banishing rheumatism, but should also cleanse the system of uric acid and give great benefit in kidney trouble and help the general health.

This special offer will not be held open indefinitely. It will be necessary for you to make your application quickly. As soon as this discovery becomes better known I shall cease sending the free treatments and shall then charge a price for this discovery which will be in proportion to its great value. So take advantage of this offer before it is too late. Remember, the test costs you absolutely nothing. F. H. DELANO, 328-P Delano Bldg., Syracuse, N.Y.

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1135—A Splendid Style for Many Occasions.—Blue charmeuse, combined with black satin, and embroidery is here shown. The style is also good for serge, cashmere, satin, velvet, broad cloth, or crepe de chine. The waist portions are joined to a deep girdle to which the tunic is added. The waist is made in overblouse style, the sleeves being joined to the lining. The skirt, a two piece model may be of lining beneath the tunic. The neck opening is low, and finished with a flare collar. The sleeve is gathered at its outer part at the wrist, under a shaped tab. In black velvet with a combination of satin, and pipings of green, or trimming of silk braid would be nice for this model. Plum color gabardine serge, with messaline for sleeves, and skirt, would also be effective. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern, 10c.

1114—A Simple and Becoming Dress.—Figured percale in black and white was used for this attractive and pleasing design. The waist is made with a group of tucks over the bust. The right front is shaped over the left in closing. The raglan sleeve, such a comfortable sleeve, may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The skirt is a three piece model with plaited fulness at the back. A shaped collar trims the neck edge. Blue gingham, with collar and cuffs of white pique would be nice for this style, or gray and white seersucker, with trimming in self or contrasting color. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Pattern, 10c.

1123—A Natty Dress for Mother's Girl.—The deep armscye and front closing are good features of this model. It is a one piece dress, with closing under the plait in front, and has raglan sleeves, that may be finished in wrist or shorter length. The fronts are slashed to insert and hold the belt. As here shown plaid suiting in brown tones was used. The dress will look well in red cashmere with braid trimming, or in blue serge with blue and white checked woollen for contrast. Corduroy, velveteen, galatea, percale, linen and gingham are all good for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 yards of 36 inch material for a 4 year size. Pattern, 10c.

1112—An Ever Popular Suit.—This trim little model is comfortable and smart looking. It is easily developed and if made of warm winter suiting will be very fine for cold weather. The blouse is finished with a wide panel under which the closing is effected. The neat sleeve is finished with a turn back cuff. The trousers are straight at the lower edge. This model is good for flannel, cheviot, serge, velvet, corduroy, linen, galatea or seersucker. If made of fine ribbed serge in a nice shade of blue or brown with a black tie, and patent leather belt with self covered buttons. For something more dressy, black velvet or corduroy, with white trimming would be nice. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Pattern, 10c.

1118—A Pretty Cap and a Becoming Bonnet.—For the cap, embroidered lawn, batiste or linen would serve, or silk, cloth, velvet or corduroy. For the bonnet, black velvet was selected with facing of white mull shirred to the brim. This style is good for faille silk, for messaline, crepe de chine, for velvet, or corduroy. The patterns are cut in 2 sizes for children 1 to 2, and 3 to 4 years. It requires ⅝ yard of 24 inch material for either style. Pattern, 10c.

1117—Ladies' Skirt with or without Tunic and Girdle.—For wear with a separate waist, or as part of a gown, this model will be found very satisfactory. The tunic is shaped over the front in flounce style. The skirt is made with slot tucks over the centre front. Blue serge with a simple finish of stitching is lovely for this style; brown duvetyn with trimming or binding of self or black braid is also good. The model is suitable for any of this season's dress materials, and lends itself nicely to combinations of materials. Charmeuse and velvet, plain and plaid or checked suitings would be very effective in such combinations. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. For a 24-inch size the skirt measures about 2 yards at the lower edge. Pattern, 10c.

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There is Nothing Like Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to Set it Right.

Mrs. C. L. Cook, 248 Tenth street, Brandon, Man., writes:—"I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for the last four years for liver trouble, and can say that I have had great satisfaction and help from them. I find that I do not need any doctor if I use them when the liver gets torpid, and believe that they are exactly suited for my case. My husband has used them for kidney trouble with good results, and my daughter in Winnipeg has been helped a great deal by the use of these pills. We say that we can't keep house without them, and have cheated the doctors here out of a good many visits. I think Dr. Chase's medicines are just the thing, and have recommended them to many people who have used them with good results."

By keeping the liver active and the bowels regular Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills prevent and cure such disorders as biliousness, constipation, chronic indigestion and headache. One pill a dose, 25c a box, 5 for $1.00; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Catalogue Notice

Send 10c in silver or stamps for our up-to-date 1914-1915 Fall and Winter Catalogue, containing over 400 designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, also a concise and comprehensive article on Dressmaking, giving valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

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The attention of our readers is called to the really generous offer announced in this issue of our paper, the offer of helpful and valuable medical advice on Catarrh, absolutely free of charge, from one of the famous Specialists and great public benefactors of this country—Catarrh Specialist Sproule.

We advise our readers to turn at once to this offer on page 44 of this paper and we urge them to read every word of it and send to-day for that valuable medical advice. Remember, this advice is free. Address Specialist Sproule at his office, 117 Trade Building, Boston, Mass.

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Take it in hand at once. If you don't get rid of Catarrh now, in the winter, there's certain peril ahead, for you'll meet the extreme cold weather with your system terribly weakened and undermined by this treacherous, poisonous trouble. Remember—if you keep on neglecting Catarrh, later on it's sure to mean danger—disease—perhaps incurable and deadly disease.

It's a horribly loathsome disease—is Catarrh. It makes you an object of disgust to your friends—though they're usually too kind to tell you so. As a matter of fact your hawking and spitting and constant nose-blowing fairly make them sick. They turn away nauseated by your foul, fetid breath. Such things hurt you tremendously, not only at home but also with outsiders—with the people you meet in daily life.

But Catarrh is more than a loathsome trouble—it's a fearfully dangerous one. People make a terrible mistake in saying "Only Catarrh." **It isn't "Only Catarrh"—it may be CONSUMPTION if you don't stop it in time.** Cure your Catarrh now before it becomes Consumption. Don't be discouraged if other doctors or the widely advertised so-called "Catarrh remedies" have failed to help you.

Don't be a nuisance to your friends,
And that's just what you are,
With hawking, spitting, and a breath
Made loathsome by Catarrh.

Seek aid at once from one who thoroughly understands all about Catarrh and its cure. Accept the generously proffered help of Specialist Sproule, B.A., (Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service), the Catarrh Specialist known the world over. He will give you

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Is your nose stopped up?
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Are you worse in damp weather?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
Do you have pains across your forehead?
Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?
Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

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and explain to you just how you can be cured. For years he has studied the causes and cure of Catarrh. To-day he is recognized as a leading authority on this common but dangerous disease. His success in conquering it is unparalleled; yet with all the benevolence and open heartedness of a good as well as a great man he now offers, free of charge, the benefits of his amazing skill and knowledge to all who need his help. He has saved thousands from Catarrh after all other treatments had failed to help them. They came to him sceptical and unbelieving, he cured them and their cures have been PERMANENT. He will send you the names of people, living right near you, who will tell you how successful he was in their cases. Without its costing you a cent he will gladly give you the most valuable and helpful Counsel. Don't miss this golden opportunity. Answer the questions yes or no, write your full name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and send it at once to

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1127—A Most Attractively Becoming Style for the Growing Girl.—Garbardine serge in a lovely shade of burgundy is here combined with plaid suiting in contrasting colors. The jaunty vest pieces may be omitted, also the peplum. In messaline, satin charmeuse or crepe de chine this style could be effectively decorated with embroidery. It would also lend itself nicely to batiste or lawn, combined with "all over" embroidery. The skirt is a two piece model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Pattern, 10c.

1119—Ladies' Basque Waist. — As here shown black velvet and Duchess lace was used. The model is also good for messaline, charmeuse, satin, velveteen, corduroy, crepe or crepe de chine. The right front overlaps the left in closing, and the slight fulness below the bust is gathered under shaped tabs. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34 ,36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Pattern, 10c.

1120—A Very Becoming Gown in Over Blouse Style.—Excellent lines mark this stylish dress of wool crepe and black satin. In less expensive materials, combinations of checked woollens, striped and plaid suitings, with serge or cashmere would be very nice. The model is splendid for slender youthful figures. It has many good style features. The skirt may be of lining above the flounce and the sleeve is stylish with its jaunty cuff, but will look just as well in short length. The tunic and over blouse are finished separately and may be worn over any suitable skirt and waist. In crepe meteor, chiffon crepe, batiste and other evening fabrics this model would develop splendidly. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: for misses: 14, 16 and 18 years, and in 4 sizes for ladies: 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Pattern, 10c.

1137—Girl's Tunic Dress with or without Bolero, and with Short or Long Sleeve.—Scotch plaid suiting in soft red and green tones, with green serge for bolero, underskirt, cuff and belt portions, was used for this design. This style is good for any of the season's combinations. For wash goods it is also available. For galatea, seersucker, gingham, percale, batiste, crepe, or ratine. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Pattern, 10c.

1111 — Ladies' Kimono. — Figured crepe in navy blue and white, was used to make this attractive model. The waist is cut in Empire style, with skirt attached having a wide panel over the back. A neat cuff and collar of organdie with frills of lace forms a dainty waist finish. The pattern is also good for flannelette, lawn, percale, dimity, batiste, cashmere or silk. It is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 4¼ yards of 36 inch material for a medium size. Pattern, 10c.

1132—Girl's Dress with Long or Short Sleeve.—This design will readily appeal to the busy thoughtful mother, who is mindful of her little girl's comfort. The style in its simplicity, will be easy to develop. The front is shaped at the closing, and the sleeve in either length has a neat cuff. A simple round collar finishes the neck edge. Galatea, Devonshire cloth, gingham, chambrey, seersucker, percale, cashmere or serge are good for this dress. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Pattern, 10c.

9777—Ladies' Apron with or without Facings and Pockets.—Percale, gingham, chambrey, alpaca, lawn, or cambric are all suitable for the making. The fulness of the back is confined by a belt that may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium and large. Pattern, 10c.

1136-1086—A Splendid Coat Suit.—Green serge with braid and bands of fur for trimming, is here shown. The suit is composed of ladies' Coat Pattern 1136, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1086. The coat has the fronts cut in vest effect, and is dart fitted. It has added skirt sections over the hips. The skirt shows one of the now so popular tunic styles, with panel front and yoke top. The coat is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 8 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. Two separate patterns, 10c. each.

Correspondence

WE invite readers to make use of these columns, and an effort will be made to publish all interesting letters received. The large amount of correspondence which is sent us has, hitherto, made it impossible for every letter to appear in print, and, in future, letters received from subscribers will receive first consideration. Kindly note we cannot send any correspondents the names and addresses of the writers of the letters published. Persons wishing to correspond with others should send letters in stamped, plain envelopes under cover to the Correspondence Department and they will immediately be forwarded to the right parties.

Life Has Its Hardships

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Sask., Nov. 2nd, 1914.

Dear Editor—I read with much interest the letters on the correspondence page of your paper and now that the evenings are getting long and the rush of work is wearing down so that it leaves a person with some time to himself, I thought it a good pastime to get interested in the "Merry Circle" and contribute a short letter to your page for an initial one and try and create some excitement for the winter months, for there certainly isn't much down here. I am not a subscriber but my brother is.

There seems to be a formal confession of ages in the different letters and no doubt it is quite in order, but, sure, how are you to believe the girls on that particular line? They never get over twenty four. But anyway, I'm twenty, too, but not thirty. Am a bachelor, by instinct, have been making dough gods and all the other fixings that go with the trade, for over a year, but will surely leave this country if it has to continue very long. But excuse me from any hairs in my porridge. "Oh you Connetta!"

Freda's letter in October issue is interesting. For one so young she has had a good experience or been in a position to form a very logical opinion of both sexes. I wonder if she ever met a "Sunset Bill." It is true that some men will marry a bank roll or even a few vacant lots, but there wouldn't be so many bachelors in the West if the girls weren't so eagerly looking for the same prospects. Too many girls of today want a nice city home, lit up with gas or electricity. The conveniences that would take the income of a President to keep up; where they can go out of their front door, hop on a street car and ride a few blocks to do their shopping, or telephone their orders to the grocer or butcher etc. City life is all right to those who have a good income, but where you have to pinch every nickle until it looks like a quarter, its a pretty hard proposition to enjoy that kind of life. I have lived in some of the largest cities of Ontario, and the West, and know that it isn't all sunshine. Far from it. There are many difficulties to encounter that one might not see unless he were thoroughly acquainted with the financial side of urban life. But rural life has its hardships to encounter as well as urban though I believe a poor man has a freer life in the country, and if you read the newspaper reports and note the way all papers advocate agriculture as an industry and the advantages it offers, I am sure you will agree with my statement.

I may have more to say on rural life in my next letter, if I am favored with space in your column. I will introduce myself as Duffy.

Peshishik Back Again

Manitoba, Nov. 17, 1914.

Dear Editor—The November issue of the W. H. M. was just as welcome as former ones, only more so. Some of the correspondents mentioned me in their letters. I thought my short note would escape the notice of readers, but it only shows how closely they peruse the paper.

"Just a Girl" does not think women should homestead, but I think that they might just as well do that as have a vote.

It is time "Handy Sue" knew that the bachelor's cat and dog help greatly with the housework on a homestead.

As far as the liquor question goes, I have nothing to say. It is up to the Government. They might copy Russia, for instance.

Say, "Sweet Alice," I did not exempt B. C. girls. There may be some very charming girls in B. C., but it is up to them to advertise the fact so we will all know it.

Surely "Aura Lee" knows how to get more about my (extensive?) travels in the west. Also I know some very nice Ontario lassies, but not so much so as some other western girls.

Now, before I close, I will say that some of these fine days, and we have few of them in a Manitoba winter, I will give that "Votes for Women" subject a rub. Well, girls, just drop a note to the man who is Peshishik.

Still on Terra Firma

Manitoba, Nov. 4th, 1914.

Dear Editor—Here I am once more, but if I'm not welcome just put me into the waste basket. I read the October number of the W. H. M. and I felt I must write and say that I did enjoy the letter from "Freda". She voiced my ideas on those subjects better than I could have myself. I'd like to meet her and have a handshake.

Oh you "Sunset Bill!" I don't know what to think about you, but there's one thing I do know and that is I would not like to be the one you make your wife, for I would be afraid you would grow tired of me and be "holding some other sweet girl" in your close embrace, but I have had experience with those kind of chaps. The first chance they get, if they are not allowed to have their arm around the girl they happen to be with, they go off like a bomb. I've been over the road with all kinds of them, from the goody goody

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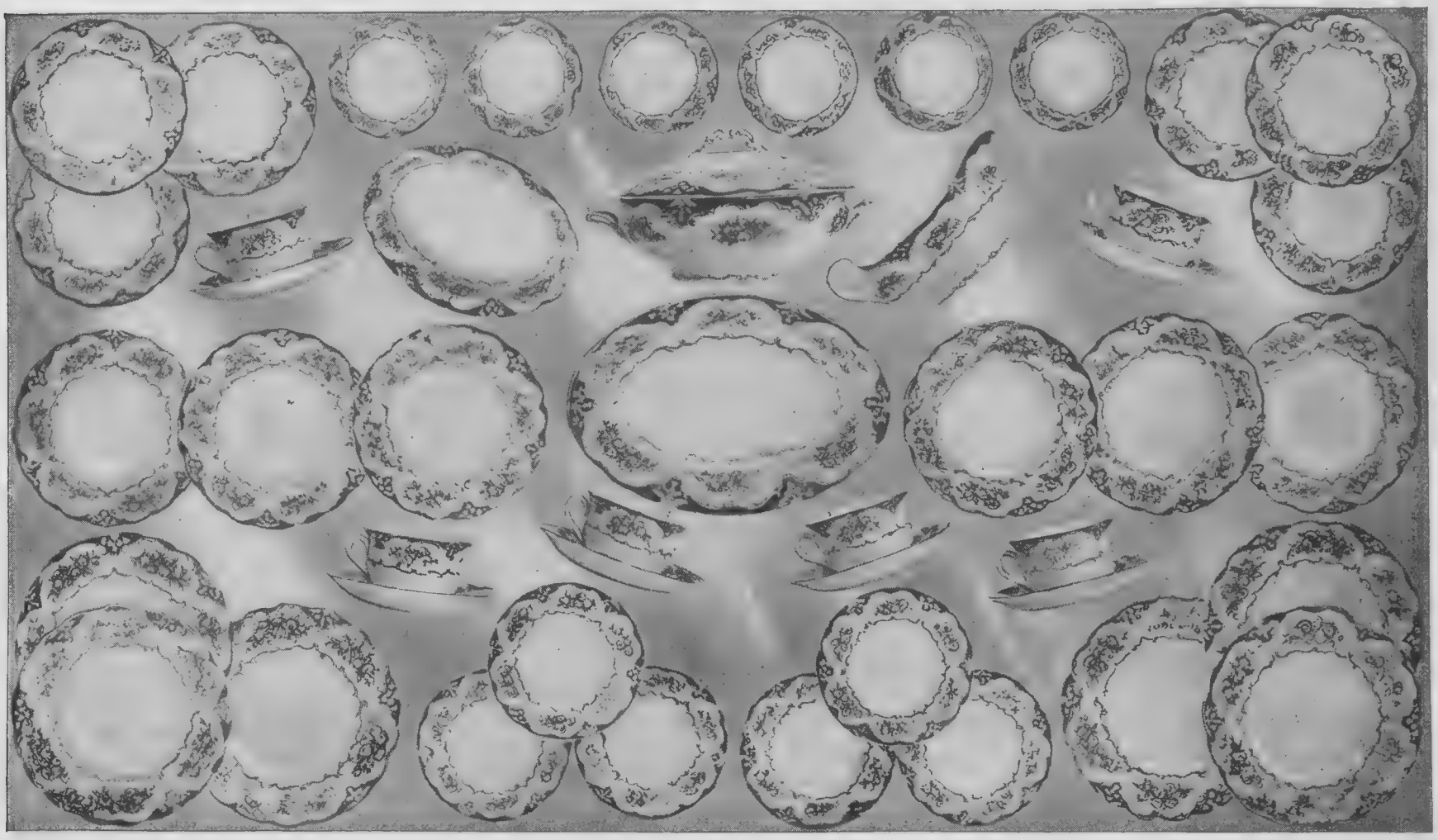

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The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Canada

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By Josiah Allen's Wife

g9 Miss Jones' Quilting
g19 Our Jonesville Folks

By Mrs. Jane G. Austin

g14 The Cedar Swamp Mystery
g46 The Twelve Great Diamonds
g58 The Wreck of the Kraken

By Emerson Bennett

g11 The Kidnapped Heiress
g21 The Midnight Marriage

By Charlotte M. Braeme

g6 Lady Gwendoline's Dream
g16 Beauty's Marriage
g24 Coralie
g28 On Her Wedding Morn
g34 My Mother's Ring
g41 The Mystery of Birchall
g47 Marion Arleigh's Penance
g59 The Story of Two Pictures
g64 The Tragedy of the Chain Pier
g69 The Coquette's Victim

By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett

g30 The Tragedy of a Quiet Life
g36 Pretty Polly Pemberton

By Mary Kyle Dallas

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g33 The Mystery of Mordaunt Mansion
g73 The Devil's Anvil

By "The Duchess"

g25 A Maiden All Forlorn
g32 A Little Irish Girl
g48 Sweet is True Love
g57 A Little Rebel

By Alexander Dumas

g44 Otto the Archer
g55 The Corsican Brothers

By Mrs. May Agnes Fleming

g3 Hinton Hall
g10 The Child of the Wreck
g20 The Rose of Ernstein
g45 The Mystery at Blackwood Grange

By Anna Katherine Green

g56 Two Men and a Question
g60 Three Women and a Mystery
g65 The Old Stone House
g70 The Doctor, His Wife and the Clock

By Marion Harland

g13 Lois Grant's Reward
g50 Stepping Stones

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

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g17 The Old Red House Among the Mountains
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g61 The Brown House in the Hollow
g66 Tom and I
g71 Kitty Craig's Life in New York

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g31 A Mad Passion
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WESTERN HOME MONTHLY,
WINNIPEG. 191

Gentlemen:

Enclosed find $1.00 for which send me The Western Home Monthly for one year and the following books, postpaid (order by number) .....

.....

Yours truly,

.....

.....

fellow ,who didn't drink, chew, swear, tell lies or dance, right down to the one who does them all, and I found that the last mentioned was the one who seemed to have the most respect for me, and I always found him to be a gentleman in the best sense of the term, whenever I was in his company, although I was about his only friend in these parts at the time, for everyone else considered him past redemption, but I remained a friend to him through it all and prayed that he might see the folly of his ways before it would be too late, and I am thankful to say he has and taken a face about and not drank for over two years, now, but we're not such good friends now, as I fancy he places me with his other follies and quit, but I'd be a friend to him yet if he needed it.

Well, I've got a lot of letters from correspondents and any who haven't got answers please forgive me as I really can't answer them all, but don't imagine anyone its because I don't want to, for I would if I could.

Christmas is nearing again and another year dawning and we're still here on terra firma.

Have any of our circle gone to the front I wonder, as soldiers or nurses? Oh, this awful war—how I wish it were ended. How many promising young lives have been snuffed out since it began, cannot be numbered and more to go yet. What a blow to our civilization it is! It makes one shudder to read it, but what must it be to be there.

Well, friends, my letter is already too long and it seems I haven't said anything worth while yet. Ever, "Sammy."

A Narrow Escape

Carnduff, Nov. 15, 1914.

The Western Home Monthly,

Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor—Please may I join this merry circle? as I am not going to be content any longer with just merely reading the very interesting letters of correspondents.

I love a ride on horseback as well as anyone, but once when chasing a wolf, I thought my time had come. I was on a horse herding cows, when I sighted a wolf and gave chase to it, and we were going at a good pace, when all of a sudden, the horse stumbled and threw me on my neck and shoulder blades on the ground. I tell you, my bump was sore for a long time, but I am just as keen as ever now, for a ride.

My! but I think some of the letters are swell, for instance, in the October number, "Men vs. Women," by "Freda." I think that is the best letter on the men I have seen for a while back, yet some people will say that it is not true what she says.

I know it is, and know, too, that all the dressier (or I should say undressed) a girl is all the more admirers she will have.

There is one thing that seems strange to me and that is, this: why should young girls with pretty pink and white complexions, naturally, want to cover up their natural beauty with powder and paint, and then pencil their already pretty eyelashes and brows, and then that isn't enough but if the reigning fad is a mole or wart on the cheek or cheek bones, why on one must go. So out comes the little brush from its case and it is dipped into the brown solution or paint and then a tiny dab put on the desired location.

Some girls I have seen in towns must have quite a job to eat or drink, because when talking with one they dare not wet their lips and they look so stiff and unnatural while talking.

Then the fish hook fad. I have had many laughs over the little fish-hook curls. I was told by a friend that knew a young girl who was all struck with the new kind of curls, and as she couldn't get them to lay down nicely enough, she took a little glue and glued them to her cheek, on each side, and every one in her home was exclaiming: "how prettily your curls lie, Marie!"

Well, the cold winter evenings are here, with Jack Frost in full array. But I won't mind much as long as I have lots of books to read. I have read a large number of books and think the stories in the W. H. M. as good as any. They are clean, and interesting, too. For my part I wish the paper came twice a month. I think the last issue is grand, so many fine pictures, that will be so nice to keep to look at in after years.

I think it is terrible the way the Germans are mutilating the Belgians, especial-

NERVES WERE BAD

Hands Would Tremble So She Could Not Hold Paper to Read.

When the nerves become shaky the whole system seems to become unstrung and a general feeling of collapse occurs, as the heart works in sympathy with the nerves.

Mrs. Wm. Weaver, Shallow Lake, Ont., writes: "I doctored for a year, for my heart and nerves, with three different doctors, but they did not seem to know what was the matter with me. My nerves got so bad at last that I could not hold a paper in my hands to read, the way they trembled. I gave up doctoring thinking I could not get better. A lady living a few doors from me advised me to try a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so to please her I did, and I am thankful to-day for doing so, for I am strong, and doing my own work without help."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for $1.25; at all druggists or dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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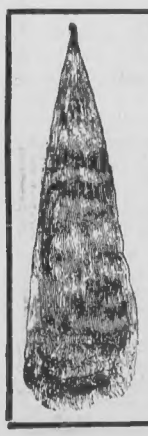

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ly that of cutting the hands off the Belgian boys so there need never be any fear of them being able to fight.

Well, I guess I have written enough, if not too much, so will close, wishing the Editor and every one a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

From your new friend,
"Alfred the Second."

The Canadian's Wife

Calgary, Alta., Nov. 18, 1914.

Dear Editor—I read Freda's letter with great interest; what she says about the men is largely true. Canadian men seem still to have a very old-fashioned idea of the uses of a wife. This is what a Canadian man said to me the other day: "I can cook better than many girls. I can even darn my socks. I don't need a wife." No. He certainly doesn't, if that's all he wants her for. Well, perhaps I have not been long enough in this country to judge and am still too "English" and too much of a greenhorn. (By the way, I find to be English is considered almost as much a capital crime in these days and in this country as to be German.) Talking of greenhorns, let me tell you some of my experiences. I was born in this country, but left it as a tiny child and lived in the Old Country. My brothers and sisters remained in Canada. I came back a little while ago and the first thing I wanted to learn was to ride. My brother put me on a horse, told me to dig my heels into its sides if I wanted to make it go and to hang on to the horn if I was afraid of falling. And then I went out on the prairie alone. I shall never forget that ride nor the "day after". I felt like the little boy in the song who "couldn't sit down for more than a week, when I was a boy at school." I remember the first time I tried to unsaddle; it all seemed a hopeless confusion of buckles and straps; and of course, I undid all the wrong buckles. And then that cinch! I imagined that it was just loosened. I had no idea the strap came out of the ring altogether, and I did not see why everybody was so amused when I came into the house and said I did not know whether the saddle pulled off over the horse's head or his tail. But I have learned better now. My brothers and sister tell me there is some hope for for me, although I am so "beastly English, don't you know." I should like to correspond with any men or girls who have been in the same boat with me.

Greenhorn

Canadians at the Front

Saskatchewan, Nov. 17, 1914.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor—If you will permit it, I should be pleased to join your circle of "criticism." Before saying my say allow me to congratulate you on the way the Western Home Monthly has improved since 1903. I am not sure if you are the same editor as then, but your October issue is O.K. I intend to lay mine away for future reference when sad memories recall visions of our Canadian Boys.

I don't agree with "Conetta" if the bachelors she refers to as having lots of time are homesteaders; it's the city ones who have "time to burn." I am batching it and after looking after fifteen head of stock and cooking, there's not much time for taking the rust out of one's brains.

I say "Freda," do you take those spasms often? I hope not. Say, in regard to that maid of 50 with one thousand dollars, perhaps those "male elements" were in the clutch of some loan shark and intended to "kill two birds with a single stone:" pay the debt and get a nice, loving wife. Were you sitting at the window watching and wishing someone would trot up your verandah steps? Well, now, "High School Kid," you must be some cook. Say, I have been a judge of cooking all my life—that's my business. Just send some of your pies along, I will judge them and award the prizes accordingly.

I saw in the papers a few days ago, the King and Queen, Lord Kitchener and Lord Roberts visited the "Boys" at Salisbury Plains. They thought they were the finest body of men ever gathered together. I say: "Hurrah for our Canadian climate!" I wonder if the Royal Party thought or imagined the homes these "boys" came from. We all know it is impossible to grow good wheat from poor seed. I guess the King paid as great a tribute to the mothers of those boys as to them. I think I had better close my "say" as I see the editor frowning, I would like correspondents. Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

I beg to remain, Grousenheimer.

The cheapness of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator puts it within reach of all, and it can be got at any druggist's.

Some Useful Hints

Delano, Alta., Nov. 22nd, 1914.

Dear Editor—As this is the first time I have taken the privilege of using your correspondence columns, I hope you will find me a small space in that interesting part of your paper.

I have now been taking the W.H.M. for some time. It appears to me that some of the fair correspondents seem to think that no bachelors can get along without them, but I guess they have another thought coming. As I am a bachelor living on my homestead in southern Alberta and been batching for the last four years, I guess I ought to know something about it, and should any one care to write I could give a few useful hints with regard to household duties. I quite agree with "Handy Sue" when she says that a strong mind and a stout heart will win in the end, but I am afraid that the "day" will be a long time coming unless some of the Eastern girls get busy and hike for the West.

Should any one care to correspond, I will try to answer all letters. My address is with the editor,

Yours sincerely,
Hotcake Pete

P. S.—Would "Handy Sue" please write?

Pioneering in the West

Saskatchewan, Nov. 21st, 1914.

Dear Editor—I have been an interested reader of this column for some time now, but have just picked up courage enough to write.

My attention was drawn by "Just a Girl's" letter in the November issue. About woman homesteaders and the life being too rough for them, especially unmarried women: well, (1) I do believe in homesteads for women, because women should have equal rights with men, and (2) they have just as rough work any time on the farm, if they will do it, which sometimes they have to. Experience is the best teacher and I remember something about pioneering when we came west. (3) Why should it be harder for unmarried women to homestead than for married women? "Just a Girl" please tell me that.

Say, I think "Votes for Women's" letter was just great. Well, I was just thinking of a few hints as to cooking, but am afraid it would take a little too long, but when you make bread, never forget to put yeast cake and flour in it. Savy?

And "Aura Lee," I think "Manitoba Pearl" is just right about the bachelors laughing about the Eastern girl' ssympathy. I have seen a great many of them, but have failed to see all those heart-broken poor, hard-worked creatures the Eastern people seem to think them, and the poem in the November number, written to "Aura Lee" is perfectly true. I can and will, some other time, just state a few more true facts about the West. I shall not take up any more of yur time now. I am,

Yours sincerely,
Scotch Lassie.

The Women We are Afraid Of

"I don't think I'm dull or stupid, but I am frightfully lonely. I wonder why it is I make no real friends." I heard a girl say the other day at the end of a tirade against the behaviour of neighbours, and the dullness of her life.

"We are all afraid of you, my dear," answered the woman she was talking to. "No one can hear you talk without knowing how critical you are, and how apt your tongue is at pointing out shortcomings. Our only chance of escape is to keep out of your way."

"Anyway, that's better than being dull," said the girl.

"Is it? I'm not sure it is," was the answer. "Those unkind things you say are very witty, I know. Perhaps that is why they rankle so, and make us afraid it will be our turn next. You seem to regard your acquaintances as mere pegs on which to hang your jokes, and I am afraid none of us like being held up as targets for laughter."

"It's only my way," said the girl.

Neuralgia of the Heart

This Letter Tells of Wonderful Change Effected by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mr. James G. Clark, Fosterville, York County, N.B., writes:—"I have been a great sufferer from what the doctors said was neuralgia of the heart. The pain started in the back of the neck and worked down into the region of the heart. Though I had taken a lot of medicine of one kind and another, I could not get anything to help me until I used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

"When I began this treatment I could not rest in bed, except by sitting upright, on account of the dreadful pains about the heart and the quick, loud beating. The change which Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has made in my condition is wonderful. It has entirely overcome these symptoms, and is making me strong and well. If this statement will help to relieve the suffering of others, you are at liberty to use it."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is a true tonic and the greatest of nerve restoratives. 50 cents a box, 6 for $2.50; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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How I Cured My Superfluous Hair

A Friendly Scientist Showed Me How to Cure It Forever

I WILL TELL YOU FREE HOW TO GET RID OF YOURS TOO

For a long time I was sorely troubled by a hideous growth of Superfluous Hair on my face and arms. My face was indeed a sight from the exasperating growth and I grew almost to hate myself for my unsightly appearance. There are many things advertised for Superfluous Hair, and I think I tried them all but never with any result, except to waste my money and burn my skin.

But, notwithstanding all my years of disappointment to-day there is not a sign of Superfluous Hair on my face, arms or anywhere else. I got rid of it through following the advice of a friendly scientist, a Professor of Chemistry at an English University. The treatment he advised is so thorough, simple and easy to use that I want every other sufferer in America to know about it. It worked such a change in my appearance and my happiness, that I gladly waive my natural feelings of sensitiveness and will tell broadcast to all who are afflicted how I destroyed every trace of hair, never to return.

If you are a sufferer and would like to have full details, just send along your name (stating whether Mrs. or Miss) and address, and a two-cent stamp for return postage, and I will send you in full detail the advice and instructions which resulted in my own cure after all else failed. Address your letter, Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Suite 381, B.C. No. 623 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

NOTE: Mrs. Jenkins, as her photograph shows, is a lady of refinement, and for years was well known as a Society Leader in Scranton, Pa.

Violin Outfit for selling 20 pictures or 20 pkgs. post cards at 10c. Order your choice. GEO. GATES CO. Dept. 641 Chicago

Woman and the Home

A Matter of Creed

Jean McQueen

(Written from life).

I had been carefully taught and well brought up in a good Catholic home, and never once had imagined myself anything but a Roman Catholic. I graduated from high school and training school with numerous flirtations and love spasms with both Protestants and Catholics, but no harm or lasting impressions resulted. Then after a brief term in country schools there came an especially good appointment in a large and thriving lakeside town. I was delighted, because of the advance in position and the pleasant time in store for me.

Fate led to the home of a good Methodist lady, who always had one or more teachers with her. Eerything went well in this household of three boys and myself for at least two years, when almost unconsciously one of the sons, from meeting me so often, and accompanying me home as a matter of course, began to take more than a passing interest in me. His mother, ever watchful, discovered it long before I did, and while her kindness doubled her watchfulness increased tenfold.

By every conceivable plan she seemed to thwart our every effort to be together, though for some time I was unsuspecting. One evening, returning alone, I saw a light disappear from my room as I reached the front steps. I became suspicious, and to assure myself on arriving in my room I searched my school coat for a note of his, which I had folded away in my pocket. It was still there, but crumpled where it had been hastily thrust on my footsteps being heard.

It dawned on me then that I was in love with Jack, and no amount of interfering or intriguing on his mother's part would separate us was my inward resolve. But at that time I thought only of my love for him and not where it might end.

I left the house shortly, but it did not improve matters. Mrs. Hunt, her sons and even her married daughters were determined that we should be nothing to each other. At every attempt of meeting we were frustrated until typhoid fever confined him to the house for weeks, which lengthened into months. In all that time I heard nothing from him, except from a good old family doctor, who knew our case and occasionally carried a note to him from me. Before he was able to be around again I had had ample time to review the past and frame something of what the future might be if I married him. Almost cruelly it struck me that in marrying him I sacrificed my birthright. Both of us, determined to live in a different creed! Then came the thought of children—part of our belief—what I could hope to make them? What right had I to make them anything? Now I began to see the full significance of our union when my doubts were not quieted by his assurance of our fitness for each other regardless of religion. Though in spite of the unimportant part he claimed for religion, I could plainly see he had no intention of changing his. The more I thought of it the more convinced I became that we must separate. I was vindictive enough to wish his mother could know that for no other reason than religion could she ever hope to separate us.

Firmly set in my resolutions I went home for my holidays, and wrote him I had decided to go West to teach, consequently would not be able to see him again. I told him of my fears, telling him I was going to try and forget, and for him to do likewise. He was passionate in his appeals for me not to go, even coming to my home to plead, but in face of all I would leave.

* * * * * *

"Jessie, I can't do it!"

The girl at the mirror turned deliberately, still engaged with her hair dressing and faced the new comer.

"Why, may I ask, this emphatic reiteration? You know, you have said that before on more than one occasion."

"Well, just look here!"

Jessie ceased her operations long enough to glance at a box her friend had apparently just received.

"Here is a birthday gift from Jack at this late date, in spite of all I've said and written"—adding tenderly, "He is so thoughtful."

"Yes, he is I'm sure," replied Jessie in a sarcastic tone. "He has made up his mind to ignore your actions just as he has your letters." "I'd send it back flying."

"Oh! no, he meant well, and it would be useless to him."

"Very well, but remember it is only a sign of weakness on your part." What is the use of going West instead of home when you are bent on showing him in every other way you still care.

"Well, I've finished, so I guess I'll go. Now brace up and face the matter square in the face."

The door banged and a sound of retreating footsteps told me I was alone. I sat still gazing at the token of his regard, and wondering what would be best even though my heart dictated one course clearly.

This is the situation which a year of absence had placed me in.

Throughout it had been one long letter of homesickness and yearning for him, while he hoped during my vacation to convince me to stay in the East. But lately a new factor entered the case in the form of a member of my own Church in every way as desirable as my former lover, and who already showed his preference for me. To free myself of both I accepted a long standing invitation from a friend further West, to spend the summer with her, hoping that time and new faces would settle everything for me.

It was a glorious summer with its long motor rides, its driving and its sea bathing, but all too soon over. Lately my lover was trying a new scheme in coming to visit me on my return to my school. While I wondered what the outcome would be I was glad, for I knew that once seeing him again I could decide, but resolved also to be true to my mother's faithful teachings.

September came, and found me at work awaiting the arrival of my one time devoted loved one (?) Now I could see that that love had been greatly fostered by the strenuous opposition it had met, and it was merely looking forward to the meeting of a good friend. Fortunately I had not realized how hard it might be. Despite all I could say to the contrary he insisted our love remained the same, and he would be anything in religion for me if I would marry him. I had known of such promises before, and told him it simply meant his being nothing, as he could not turn his religious views so easily. As for me I was over my infatuation, for so it seemed now, and were he even a Catholic I did not care for him.

After a visit of four days or so spent in pleading and promising he left me. Nor was I sorry. The longer he stayed the less I cared for him. He passed completely out of my life, except as a memory when we parted at the train as he left for home having lost, he claimed, his taste for life.

I cannot blame myself, but am thankful I passed through the one great trial of my life guided so carefully. I am happy, very happy, in my married home, for I married my Catholic friend, and whatever there has been of disagreements, disappointments or even poverty, we have had one close tie in that we are of A COMMON FAITH.

The Pill That Leads Them All.—Pills are the most portable and compact of all medicines, and when easy to take are the most acceptable of preparations. But they must attest their power to be popular. As Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the most popular of all pills they must fully meet all requirements. Accurately compounded and composed of ingredients proven to be effective in regulating the digestive organs, there is no surer medicine to be had anywhere.

My Piano

One day while standing near my piano, a girl friend said to me, "Why don't you sell this piano, and buy a new one?"

To this I answered, "Why should I?"

"Well, in the first place," she exclaimed, "you have have had this one over ten years, and since that accident not long ago it looks rather used up."

(I must explain to the reader that shortly before this conversation took place my piano had the misfortune to catch fire, very little damage was done except to the veneering and some of the carving, though it still holds a ruined look.)

"It may looked used up as you say, but that has nothing to do with the tone, which is as sweet and clear as the day I bought it, and I wouldn't think of disposing of it for the simple reason of its outward appearance. No more than— I would think of disowning a kind and loving mother, whose care and sorrow in this world had left its trace in lines across her forehead, and down her withered cheek. For is not the soul as pure as if it were hidden by beautiful features; the outward appearance does not worry me if I find that the soul and heart are pure and true, no more than the appearance of my piano, when I know that its tone is sweet and clear."

"You have taught me a lesson," answered my friend, "henceforth I shall look beyond the handsome face, and see if the soul is there with all its beauty."

A Product of Endurance

Dr. Keate, the terrible headmaster of Eaton, encountered one winter morning a small boy crying miserably, and asked him what was the matter. The child replied that he was cold. "Cold!" roared Keate, "You must put up with the cold, sir! You are not at a girls' school."

It is a horrid anecdote, and I am kind-hearted enough to wish that Dr. Keate, who was not without his genial moods, had taken the lad to some generous fire (presuming such a thing was to be found) and had warmed his frozen hands and feet. But it so chanced that in that little snivelling boy there lurked a spark of pride and a spark of fun, and both ignited at the rough touch of the master. He probably stopped crying, and he certainly remembered the sharp appeal to manhood; for, fifteen years later, with the 3rd Dragoons, he charged at the strongly entrenched Sikhs (thirty thousand of the best fighting men of the Khalsa) on the curving banks of the Sutlej. And as the word was given, he turned to his superior officer, a fellow Eatonian, who was scanning the stout walls and the belching guns. "As old Keate would say, this is no girls' school," he chuckled, and rode to his death on the battlefield of Sobraon, which gave Lahore to England.—Agnes Repplier, in "The Atlantic."

About Manners

By Margaret Blaine

The child made her adieux and pretty speeches with a glibness that was truly startling. The lovely lady who had been entertaining the little ones looked her astonishment and almost forgot to respond in kind. Yet there was something displeasing in it all, though her deportment was so absolutely correct. We all liked freckled-faced Jimmy's "manners" much better. He bolted up to the hostess and mumbled "Had a nice time." We all knew that his mother had impressively charged him not to forget that, and he was doing it in obedience to her commands, and not at all because he wanted to. Indeed he evidently thought it an inexplicable bit of nonsense.

"Now," said the reflective one, "why did we object to the little girl's pretty manners, and adore Jimmy's awkwardness?"

"The little girl had an artificial air," said the lovely hostess, "and anything artificial about a child is very disagreeable. While Jimmy was—well—natural, you know. Grown-up "manners" do not fit a child. We always instinctively object to them there, while we forgive anything in the child that is sweet and natural. I once had a very tiny guest say, 'I like to play with your dollies, and I'll come again, but your cake doesn't have as many raisins as mother's.' I was delighted, and seriously promised to amend the cake before the next visit."

There is undoubtedly something essentially artificial about established conventions. They are gradually adopted as their need is found to make smooth the running gear of social life, but the need for these does not come in child life. The sweetest children are those kept far from the atmosphere of artificial life. Courteous speech and manner—the kind that come from a gentle heart—come naturally to the child surrounded with good influences. "Please" and "Thank you" and other gentle expressions fall from baby lips, if the baby bears them from father and mother. Quiet unobtrusive table manners are better than a knowledge of forks and spoons. Consideration for others in the home can be made a matter of love instead of politeness. And the child who is really considerate in the home will not fail outside.

Yet there are mothers who will give the child a party, and then carefully drill the little one in all the requirements of a grown-up hostess. This makes the promised pleasure a laborious affair to the child, but the mother thinks she is doing her duty in training the child to social usages.

Think for a moment of the most charming people you know. Are they not the considerate, rather than the conventional people? And which would you rather have your child resemble?

A Foolish Way

Of course, that may be so. But it is a very foolish way, all the same.

For no one can be really happy unless they gain a certain amount of love as they go through life. Nobody can afford to be friendless. Everybody wants friendship, affection and confidence.

But the critical cynical type of woman is only admired at a distance. She never knows the sweets of friendship, its trust and confidence and faith.

People know too well her way of holding others up to derision and of seeing their weak points to run any risks by letting her into their hearts. They have heard her sum up other characters, and feel sure their turn will come as soon as they are out of hearing. When such a woman makes friendly overtures we shrink from her a little. We may like her, but we have no wish to be "butchered to make a Roman holiday" directly our backs are turned.

Rightly or wrongly, most of us get judged by our words and manners rather than by our thoughts and actions, and particularly are we judged by our manner of speaking.

Amusing But Dangerous

Of course, a kind heart and a fine character may be disguised under a cloak of sarcasm and criticism, but few will discover them in such a case.

"Every word has its own spirit,
True or false that never dies;
Every word man's lips have uttered
Echoes in God's skies."

So, if we have got into the habit of "picking holes," and criticising other folks, do let us beware. We may amuse with our ill-natured witty talk, but the chances are that by indulging in it we are slowly, yet surely, unfastening the cords of our friendships.

Depend upon it, if we talk unkindly about our neighbours, they will not care to have much to do with us.

"Very amusing, but awfully dangerous, you know. I always wonder what she says about me when I am out of hearing."

That is probably the verdict on us. And the result, as we have seen, is the lack of friendship, which is one of the treasures of earth.

Just choke back that ill-natured remark, refrain from laughter that would have no kindly ring, keep silent when you have no kind words to speak—these little actions bring very "solid returns," as business people say.

First, they bring trust, and then love. Most of us want to be popular, and there is no royal road to popularity unless it be by the way of kindness.

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4	33	24	11, 11, 11	Car lot	.14	.14½	.14¾	.15	.15¼	.15½	.15¾	.16	.16¼	.16¾
				Sm. lot	.15	.15¾	.16	.16½	.17	.17¼	.17½	.18	.18¼	.19
5	40	24	8, 9½, 11, 11	Car lot	.18	.18¾	.19	.19½	.19¾	.20	.20½	.20¾	.21	.21¾
				Sm. lot	.19¾	.20½	.21	.21½	.22	.22½	.23	.23½	.24	.25
7	43	24	5, 6, 7, 8, 8, 9	Car lot	.24¼	.25	.25½	.25¾	.26¼	.26¾	.27¼	.27½	.28	.28¾
				Sm. lot	.25¾	.27	.27¾	.28¼	.28¾	.29¾	.30¼	.30¾	.31½	.32¾
10	48	16½	3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6½, 8, 8	Car lot	.36¼	.37½	.38¼	.38¾	.39½	.40¼	.40¾	.41½	.42¼	.43½
				Sm. lot	.38¾	.40½	.41½	.42¾	.43¾	.44¾	.45½	.46¾	.47½	.49¾
8	32	12	3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6½	Car lot	.28½	.29½	.30	.30½	.31	.31½	.32	.32¼	.32¾	.33¾
				Sm. lot	.30½	.31¾	.32½	.33¼	.34	.34¾	.35¼	.36	.36¾	.38¼
7	26	8½	No. 9 Wire top & bottom Bal. of Fence No. 12 Wire 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 5½	Car lot	.20½	.21	.21¼	.21¾	.22	.22¼	.22¾	.23	.23¼	.24
				Sm. lot	.21¾	.22½	.23	.23½	.24¼	.24½	.25	.25½	.26	.27
Drive Gate, 12 ft. x 48 in. high, each				Car lot	4.20	4.25	4.30	4.35	4.35	4.40	4.45	4.50	4.50	4.60
				Sm. lot	4.35	4.45	4.50	4.55	4.60	4.65	4.70	4.75	4.80	4.95
Drive Gate, 16 ft. x 48 in. high, each				Car lot	4.90	5.00	5.05	5.10	5.15	5.20	5.25	5.30	5.35	5.45
				Sm. lot	5.10	5.25	5.30	5.35	5.45	5.55	5.60	5.65	5.75	5.90
Barb Wire, 4 point Price per spool of 80 rods				Car lot	2.32	2.40	2.44	2.49	2.53	2.57	2.61	2.66	2.70	2.78
				Sm. lot	2.49	2.60	2.66	2.73	2.81	2.87	2.92	2.99	3.05	3.18

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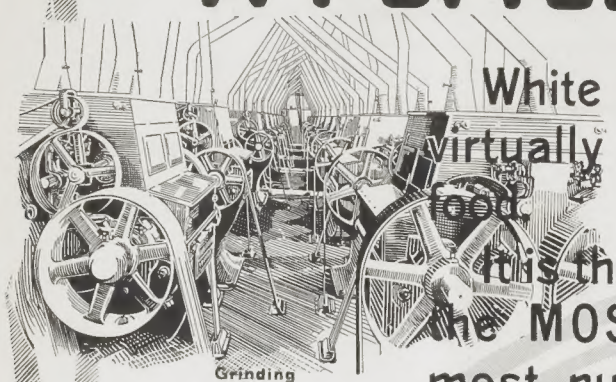

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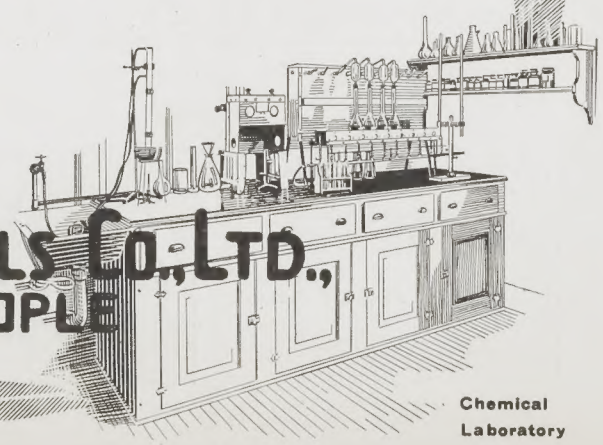
PURITY FLOUR

More Bread and Better Bread

is always **PURITY FLOUR** whether you buy it in Halifax, Vancouver or Winnipeg. This is because **PURITY** is milled to a rigid system. **PURITY** has become Canada's milling standard by reason of its high quality and its uniformity. A finer flour cannot be made.

When you buy **PURITY** you buy a flour of known goodness—known to the wholesaler and the retailer—known to the public.

Your grocer will refund your money if you do not find **PURITY** to be better than any other flour.



Chemical Laboratory

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD.,
MILLERS TO THE PEOPLE